The Post Sunday Special

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HEART-RENDING SCENES AT LONDON EXPLOSION

LONDON MUNITION WORKS DISASTER.

THREE STREETS DEMOLISHED; GASOMETER AND MILLS SET ON FIRE.

40 PERSONS KILLED AND OVER 100 INJURED; SURVIVORS' THRILLING NARRATIVES.

The explosion in a munitions factory in the East End of London is one of the most terrible happenings of the kind in this country. So far some 40 deaths are reported, and 100 men and women are injured.

The concussion was heard all over London, and the effects were felt at places fifteen miles from the scene of the disaster.

Three streets in the vicinity of the factory were demolished, and ten buildings ignited by falling masses of burning liquid, timber, and red-hot iron. These included a flour mill. A gasometer was damaged.

WHOLE OF LONDON SHAKEN.

London, Saturday Night.

The catastrophic explosion which occurred in the East End of London at a quarter to seven last night, and which was officially announced in a few bare lines by the Press Bureau at 11.40 last night, is now known to be beyond doubt one of the most terrible happenings of its kind which has ever shaken the Metropolis.

The word "shaken" may be taken in its most literal sense, for the whole of the vast city with its outlying suburbs, and even the small towns and villages beyond its farthest confines felt with consternation the force of the terrific impact which occurred. Immediately the echoes of the ear-splitting noise had died away, while yet an angry scarlet glare filled the whole of the eastern sky, the wildest rumours took being, and spread far and wide.

These were current and even increased for a while, then slowly some filtering of the facts became known, and these were found to be almost as dreadful and harrowing as the worst surmises, save only that the fear of enemy machinations was unfounded.

The explosions, for there were more than one, originated at a factory. Here, as at many similar establishments, a certain amount of munition making is carried on. It is not yet known whether the primary accident occurred in that branch of the factory which is so engaged, but the detonation, wherever and however caused, seemed to run like the spark of a gunpowder train, leaving destruction in its wake.

Three Streets Demolished.

An adjacent flour mill was set alight and burnt to the ground. A gasometer was damaged, while three streets in the immediate vicinity were more or less demolished.

There were other fires near at hand. Windows were shattered in every direction, while the shock was felt and the subsequent glare seen in all quarters—north, south, east, and west for a distance of not less than fifteen miles. The great light in the sky, indeed, was plainly visible at Wembley, on the Kentish Hills. In every district, in short, within thirty miles of the first occurrence.

The full extent of the damage is not yet known, nor are the dead and injured numbered. It is only possible to give an estimate of forty in the case of those killed, and a hundred men and women maimed or less severely injured. The damage to property is as yet altogether uncalculated. A portion of this quarter of the East End is in ruins.

Apparently the first accident happened in a factory. This, whether fire or explosion, effected other parts of the building, and without warning a vast eruption resulted, which blew the whole establishment in all directions.

Masses of Burning Liquid and Timber.

Scenes of the utmost terror occurred in the neighbourhood, masses of burning liquid, timber, and red-hot iron being projected into the air in all directions. These fell upon the surrounding buildings within a radius of about half a mile. At least ten buildings were by this means ignited, the chief being a flour mill in which a large number of women were engaged. The damage here was also great, and the casualties, it is feared, are heavy.

An eye-witness who saw the removal of a number of women and girls from the demolished buildings described the scenes as most hartrending. The women were borne out unconscious, many evidently having been stunned by the shock. There was a rush of rescuers to get them out before the fire, which immediately broke out, reached them. Some girls, he said, were brought out with the clothing almost stripped from their bodies; others were terribly burned and charred. The ambulances came up with wonderful quickness. One incident touched me deeply. There was a girl apparently delirious who woke up and waved her charred arms to the crowd. Tugs were soon busy taking the victims across the water to every hospital within reach.

The scene near one hospital was one long to be remembered. In the glare of the fire, still to be seen in the night sky, the huge crowd, which filled completely the space from the hospital entrance across the main thoroughfares, was kept in an incessant strain of expectancy and anxiety as the ambulance cars rolled up. Every available inch of space was taken up within the hospital, even the cellars being utilised for the constantly increasing number of cases. Correspondents communicating with the Press Association indicate the widespread area in which the effects of the explosion was felt.

Like a Bombardment.

Big plate-glass windows were blown out practically over all the greater part of south-east, south, and south-west London, where the shock was felt with extreme severity. These areas looked as if they had been subjected to bombardment by a mighty fleet of Zeppelins. Many people were seriously injured by falling masonry and roofing, and in one instance an elderly woman was removed to hospital with a fractured leg, caused by a heavy article of furniture having fallen upon her. Her distress was great, her son being employed at the chemical works.

"In the house next door to mine," said one woman, "the roof fell in and smashed through into a bedroom, in which an infant child was asleep. A beam lay actually suspended across the bed when the child was rescued from its perilous position."

Until the Salvage Corps get properly to work it will not be known how many persons have been buried in the fallen houses.

ing, and the noise of breaking glass and rending timber was terrific.

London's Night of Terror.

One informant was rendered insensible for ten minutes, and received first aid from a policeman. In spite of the magnitude of the disaster, there seems to have been no great panic, but the anxiety of those who had relatives in or near the works was heartrending. At midnight fierce tongues of flame still leapt and darted over the devastated area with relentless fury, lighting up the heavens and rendering the whole neighbourhood as bright as if illumined by the summer moon.

It was a veritable night of terror, as an observer of the scene aptly remarked. Not until daylight did the appalling character of the disaster become apparent. As the first streaks of light appeared a mass of crumpled ruins marked the site of the pile of buildings covering many acres where the first explosion occurred. Whole streets of houses in the immediate vicinity bore evidence of the force of the concussion. Many of the dwellings were unroofed and others razed to the ground.

The ruined dwelling-houses present a pitiful sight. Among the piles of bricks and slates lie broken furniture, ornaments, and many cherished odds and ends, and on the few walls which still stand hang broken pictures, mirrors, and the like. Many bodies have been removed from these houses, and it is considered certain that when an exhaustive search is possible others will be found under the wreckage.

Tramcars Lifted From Ground.

To-day only traces of the by-streets remain. The neighbouring ground is littered with bricks from the destroyed buildings and with a large quantity of wood from the palings which bordered the railway line. At the moment of the catastrophe hundreds of people were hastening home from work, and trams were full. The shock knocked over large numbers of people, and even the trams and other vehicles were lifted from the ground.

Scarcely a house or shop in some roads escaped damage. Windows were blown in and woodwork torn away, and there were many narrow escapes on the part of the inmates. Immense steel girders, raised to white heat and hurled in various directions by the force of the explosion, fell on adjoining premises with disastrous results. Many of the surrounding inhabitants lost their lives without the opportunity of escape, and hundreds of women and children were rescued by Red Cross workers and conveyed to various hospitals for treatment.

Hospital Ceilings Brought Down.

At a hospital, the nearest to the scene of the disaster, the majority of the cases were removed to other institutions after receiving first aid, but a dozen or more persons, who were detained, succumbed to their injuries. Pathetic scenes were witnessed throughout the day as anxious inquiries were made as to missing relatives. Women burst into tears, and were led away by kindly attendants on learning the melancholy news that death had robbed them of their breadwinners.

It is a remarkable circumstance that although nearly all the front windows of a hospital were blown in and ceilings were brought down by the explosion, the regular inmates and nursing staff escaped injury.

PEOPLE THROWN FROM CHAIRS

IN HOUSES FIVE MILES FROM EXPLOSION.

"For God's sake get someone to help me fetch my child!" cried one mother, who had been struggling in vain to get articles of furniture, smashed beyond recognition, and heavy woodwork and masonry removed. She said she was certain that her child was underneath this mass of debris. She had, it appeared, gone out to the street at the time of the explosion, and the child was left in a bed in the basement. Several men went in to assist in the search, but failed to find the child, although what was thought to be a bit of the bed railing was eventually brought out.

Many children who in the confusion of the first few minutes after the explosion were picked up by policemen and firemen and hurried out of harm's way were accommodated, and here anxious parents were directed to call for their missing children. People who were in proximity to the destroyed works were lifted right off their feet. The flash of the explosion was blinding.

DISTRICT CUT OFF BY EXPLOSION.

DIFFICULTY OF GETTING BRIGADE CALLED.

BRAVERY OF CHIEF CHEMIST.

London, Saturday.

The Press Bureau issued the following to-night:—

The following statement is communicated to the press by the Minister of Munitions:—

About seven o'clock last night a fire started at a factory in the East of London, near the river, which was employed on refining explosives.

Fortunately a few minutes elapsed after the commencement of the fire before the explosion occurred, during which interval many of the operatives were able to escape

DISASTER—Continued.

from the factory. The explosion appears to have involved practically all the explosives in the factory, which was itself completely destroyed. Fires were caused in neighbouring warehouses and factories, one of the largest of which was an important flour mill.

Three Rows of Houses Demolished.

The effects of the explosion were felt for a great distance. Three rows of small houses in the immediate neighbourhood were practically demolished, and considerable damage was occasioned to other property.

An engine from the local fire station had reached the spot, and was playing on the fire when the explosion occurred. The engine itself was destroyed, but fortunately only two of the firemen appear to have lost their lives.

The chief chemist of the factory and a number of other workpeople were killed by the explosion or buried in the ruins.

The chief chemist, Dr Angell, whilst advising the operatives to seek safety, himself went to the fire and attempted to combat it.

40 Killed; 100 Injured.

The number of persons killed either in the factory or in the neighbouring houses is not yet ascertained. The casualties, however, owing to the warning which people had by the outbreak of fire, are not nearly so heavy as was at first anticipated.

Up to the present between thirty and forty bodies have been recovered, and about 100 persons are reported to have been seriously injured.

Ample assistance was forthcoming from the London Fire Brigades and a number of ambulances.

Owing to the effects of the explosion all communication with other districts was broken off for a time.

Local assistance was immediately forthcoming, but owing to the lack of communication assistance from the London Fire Brigade could not be obtained, the fire not being in the London Fire Brigade area. Within half an hour, however, ample assistance was afforded from all quarters.

No Practical Difference in Output of Munitions.

We are further informed by the Ministry of Munitions that the accident will make no practical difference to the output of munitions.

The Minister, with the chief officers of the Explosives Supply Department, visited the scene this morning, and every possible effort is being made to deal promptly with the unfortunate effects of the explosion.

London, Saturday Night.

Extraordinary scenes were witnessed in a town on one side of the river, where a vast column of flame preceded the terrible explosion. Immediately there was a clatter of falling glass and masonry, and in every part of the town, which is nearly five miles from the scene of the disaster, windows were smashed, and in streets nearer the town window frames and doors were forced out and ceilings brought down, while people sitting indoors were thrown from chairs by the concussion. So far no casualties have been reported in this district.

BRITISH RAID AT ST ELOI.

GUNS BUSY NORTH OF SOMME.

London, Saturday Night.

The following despatch has been received from British General Headquarters, dated 9.10 p.m. Saturday:—

We carried out a successful raid last night east of St Eloi.

There has been considerable artillery activity during the day on both sides, particularly on the right of our line north of the Somme.

We dispersed enemy working parties north-east of Neuve Chapelle, and carried out effective bombardments of the enemy's positions in the neighbourhood of the La Bassee Canal, and south-east of Bois Grenier.

BRISK ACTIONS IN ALSACE.

STRONG GERMAN ADVANCES REPULSED.

Paris, Saturday Night.

The following French official statement was issued here to-night:—

In the region to the south of Las Signy the artillery fighting continued during the morning with a certain violence. An enemy surprise attack directed against a trench failed.

To the north-west of Soissons a raid into the enemy's lines in the sector of Vingre enabled us to bring back some prisoners.

In Alsace patrol encounters took place in the sector of Burnhaup.

A strong German reconnaissance which attempted to approach our lines in the region to the south-west of Altkirch, was repulsed by our fire.

On the rest of the front there was intermittent shelling.

A AND B1 MEN

TO JOIN UP BY END OF MARCH.

SCOTTISH SECRETARY'S IMPORTANT ORDER.

London, Saturday Night.

Mr Munro, of the Scottish Office, has issued a circular to-night informing Tribunals that it is of urgent importance that men fit for general service category A, or garrison service abroad category B1, who can be spared without serious detriment to work of national importance, or who have no other very strong grounds for exemption, should be made available for military service as soon as possible, at latest by 31st March next, in order that they may be put under training.

This definite conclusion has been arrived at by the Government after a careful survey of the situation.

In view of the pronouncement, the circular continues, Tribunals will not be justified in exempting beyond the 31st inst. on ground of employment any man under thirty-one years of age fit for general service A, or garrison service abroad, B1, except in special cases.

Agriculture continues to be excluded from this arrangement.

The exceptions made are in reference to men belonging to one of the occupations specified in appendix A to the list of certified occupations, skilled men urgently required for munitions or other work of national importance.

DID NOT RECEIVE "PINK FORM."

Plumber's Successful Appeal for Exemption.

London, Saturday.

An important decision regarding "Pink Form" men was given at Enfield Tribunal to-day, where a plumber named Washington, employed by Viscountess French, appealed. He stated that he had already been rejected under Lord Derby's scheme, and had been discharged from the Volunteers. He had not received the pink form by September 1.

The Clerk to the Tribunal said it was obvious the man was not liable to service.

Mr W. Cornish, the chief military representative, said a pink form was sent to the man in a registered letter before September 1.

Mr Jay, a member, said the Tribunal must have evidence of this. As it was, the man was entitled to exemption, and the military authorities could make it a test case if they liked.

The Tribunal unanimously held that the man was not liable for military service, and ordered him to consult a solicitor.

AUSTRIAN PEACE MOVE.

VON ZIMMERMAN AT VIENNA.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

Herr von Zimmerman arrived in Vienna this morning, and was received by Kaiser Charles in the afternoon.

The visit is considered of great political importance, in view of the possible further Austrian peace step contemplated in Vienna and Budapest.

SWISS RESERVISTS RECALLED FROM U.S.

Washington, Saturday.

The Swiss Consulates in the United States have been instructed to inform Swiss citizens belonging to the second division and to parts of the fourth and fifth divisions of the Swiss Army to return immediately to rejoin the colours.

It is stated that the men who are now required to mobilise were permitted to leave Switzerland on the understanding that they would return if called upon.

RELEASED GERMAN AGAIN INTERNED.

London, Saturday Night.

Herr Hermann Schumacher, the unnaturalised German, who until recently was permitted to continue in business in the City as a silk merchant, was interned to-day at Alexandra Palace. He it was who boasted last October shortly after he had been released from internment in the Isle of Man that he had many influential friends.

Herr Schumacher surrendered at Wandsworth Police Station to-day in a taxicab. He was well muffled up against the cold and wet, and brought a large handbag of clothes and comforts with him.

A private car was telephoned for, in which, accompanied by a detective, he was driven away to the palace. Neither on his arrival nor departure did he seem particularly happy at the position in which he found himself.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN EXPLAINS HIS PLANS.

FORMATION OF NEW INDUSTRIAL ARMY.

EFFORTS NECESSARY TO WIN VICTORY THIS SPRING.

Birmingham, Saturday Night.

Mr Neville Chamberlain, Director-General of National Service, speaking here to-night, said that upon what we do in the next few weeks may perhaps depend the question whether we shall win victory in the spring, or whether we shall have to endure a fourth winter of hostilities.

The Government were very much in earnest on the question of providing the three essentials—fit men for the army, munitions, and money—and would not hesitate to take any steps which might be necessary to win the war, including compulsory national service, if voluntary service was not found adequate.

Mr Chamberlain will shortly issue a great appeal to the country to join the new industrial army.

Mr Neville Chamberlain said:—We are now in the third winter of the war, and upon what we do in the course of the next few weeks may perhaps depend the question of whether we shall win victory in the next spring or whether we shall have to endure a fourth winter of hostilities.

The enemy is like a great boulder on the side of a hill. We have undermined it with pick and shovel. We have applied to it our crowbars and our levers. We have seen it totter, but we have not yet dislodged it from its base. If only we can apply to it one great and sustained effort we are certain that we can send it rolling down the hill. (Applause).

If we fail to put into it all our strength it will only settle more securely into its place, and we shall then find that our task has been indefinitely prolonged.

What we want is sufficient reserves of trained men to enable us, just when the enemy has been weakened by our attacks, to put forward our utmost strength and to carry victory to a successful conclusion. (Cheers.)

Need of More Men for Army.

The military Service Acts have already given us the greater part of the men of military age and fitness who are not protected by the Government exemptions of one kind and another, and in order to get the drafts that we require we shall have to ask the munition works, the mines, the industries which are engaged in war work and agriculture to make fresh adjustments of their man-power. At the same time, we have got to find substitutes from other trades to take the places of those who go to form the forces. Now that is my task.

Mr Chamberlain As Nation's Dentist.

I have got to act as a dentist to the nation. There were a certain number of teeth to be extracted, and I have got to take them out with as little inconvenience to the victim as I possibly can. (Laughter.) I have got to impose the least possible amount of pain and hardship upon the individual, and to inflict the least possible amount of injury upon the industries, and at the same time I am asked to provide a new set of artificial teeth which shall fit the mouth, and which if not quite as good as the old ones will at anyrate enable the patient to bite his food.

Three Great Essentials.

A nation organised for war has got to provide three essentials. First of all, there are the men for the army. They don't form a very large proportion of the total population, but they are the pick of the nation. We have got to provide them in a steady flow.

Then there are the munitions, and in that word I include not merely guns and ammunition but also clothing and equipment for the army, the food which is necessary to enable us to maintain our strength, the coal without which the industries cannot be carried on, and the ships which are to bring us our raw material.

Thirdly, there is money which is being so patriotically subscribed on all hands to the great War Loan which is now in operation, and with that must be considered the Foreign Exchange, to maintain which we must keep up as far as it is possible for us to do our exports to foreign countries.

Now it is a colossal task to organise a whole nation so that those three essentials may be produced to the fullest possible extent, but it is a task which has got to be faced, and which if it be faced with courage and enthusiasm can, I am confident, be successfully carried out. (Applause.)

Compulsory National Service if Necessary.

The Prime Minister has said that it shall be done if, possible by means of voluntary effort. Well, the Germans are prophesying that it is going to be a failure, and that gives me encouragement, because every single prophecy that they have made so far about the war has turned out to be wrong. But I want the nation to understand that the Government are very much in earnest about this matter, and that

Whilst they desired to give the nation every possible opportunity of their own volition to come forward in their country's need, they will not hesitate to take any steps which may be necessary to bring the war to a successful conclusion, including compulsory national service if voluntary service is not found adequate. (Applause.)

A Great Appeal to the Nation.

It will be my duty very shortly to issue a great appeal to the country—an appeal for our people to join a new industrial army. In doing so I do not wish to suggest to any man that by becoming a volunteer in this army he is going to better his position. There are a certain number of people who write to me and who seem to think it is my task to find a job for every man. (Laughter.) It is a mistake. It is a trifling instance, but the real fact is that my task is to find a man for every job. (Laughter.) No, my volunteers will not better their position. On the contrary I am going to ask them to put up with hardship and with sacrifice, but who is there who thinks of the hardships and sacrifices which are being endured by our brave comrades in the trenches who will not be anxious to make the very very much smaller sacrifices which I am going to ask of them.

Mr Chamberlain went on to say that one of the first problems which would arise would be that of demobilisation. He knew that Mr Hodge was laying far-reaching plans and was looking far ahead, but he would require the co-operation of capital and labour throughout the country. In his opinion we should have, after the war, unbounded possibilities of an early and complete recovery from its devastating effects if only we could pull together. (Applause.)

Arrangements for Demobilisation.

Mr John Hodge, M.P., Minister of Labour, asked what it was that had brought about the new spirit between capital and labour, and said it was because employers' sons had been fighting side by side with the workers' sons, and they saw foremen saving the life of the son of the employer, and the son of the employer saving the life of the working man's son. One of the lessons of the war was the value of organisation. Employers must organise scientifically, and between capital and labour there must be whole-hearted co-operation. There had been mutual prejudice on the part of many employers and workmen, and the Germans had at anyrate shown how puny those prejudices were after all.

From the moment he became Minister of Labour he was given to understand that he would have the handling of the problem of demobilisation. There was not a day passed but that he had consultation with his chief officials as to the best method of tackling the subject, and the best machinery for handling it. There were going to be about six or seven hundred new Labour Exchanges; there would be an Exchange or sub-Exchange so that none of our returned boys would have to go more than five miles to an Exchange, and when they got there they would be in telephonic communication all round, so that it would be possible to try to get them properly fitted with a job.

Co-Operation of Employers and Employed.

The meeting was the first provincial meeting of the national alliance of employers and employed, and was held in the Central Hall, a building capable of seating two thousand people. It was Mr Chamberlain's first public appearance since his Government appointment, and there was so great a demand for tickets that an overflow meeting had to be arranged.

Mr T. Harris Spencer, chairman of the Midland Employers' Federation, proposed that the meeting was of opinion that the wholehearted co-operation of employers and employed is essential to the success of any scheme for replacing in civilian life men now in the forces, or dealing with similar problems after the war, and urged upon the Government that the proposals of the National Alliance should be given a trial. Mr W. J. Davis, Brassworkers' Association, seconded the question, and it was supported by Mr T. P. Chatwin, president of the Engineering Employers' Federation, and Mr J. Havelock Wilson, Sailors' and Firemen's Union, and carried.

120 WORKMEN KILLED IN AUSTRIAN EXPLOSION.

Zurich, Saturday.

The explosion at the munitions factory at Felixwort, in Austria, on 30th December, was much more serious than the official statements showed.

It is now stated that 120 workmen were blown to pieces.

A building at Broadstairs gasworks has been converted into a Y.M.C.A. hut.

THE ATLANTIC RAIDER.

YARROWDALE TAKEN TO BALTIC PORT.

MOEWE OFFICER CAPTAINS PRIZE CREW.

New York, Saturday.

A Rio De Janeiro dispatch states that the name of the raider is Vinex.

Other reports from Buenos Ayres says that the raider was painted black, but the name could not be distinguished. Some of the survivors were kept on board the raider for twenty-eight days.

The British Consulate does not believe the raider was the Vinex, but an armed commerce ship fitted out in a German port.

Rio De Janeiro (Received Saturday Night.)

Newspapers state that the speed of the raider which captured two vessels and sank other nine is sixteen knots.

The crews of the French vessels, Nantes and Asnieres, will leave to-day for Bahia on the steamer Minasgeraes, and will there embark on a French mail boat.

The liner Ortega is anxiously awaited at Pernambuco, where rumour is current that it has returned to St Vincent. There is no confirmation of this.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

According to an official Berlin telegram to the Cologne Gazette the British steamer Yarrowdale, captured by the German raider, has been brought into Swinemunde.

[Swinemunde is a large seaport in the Baltic, on the Pomeranian Coast.]

MOEWE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF YARROWDALE.

Germans Exulting Over Raider's Exploits.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

German papers are jubilant over the successes of what they call the second Moewe.

The Rheinisch Westfaelische Zeitung is enraptured at the vision of the German flag again in the Atlantic, and press comments generally follow the same lines of exultation as on occasions of the exploits of the first Moewe.

The Cologne Gazette states that Badewitz, the captain of the prize crew which brought the Yarrowdale to Swinemunde, was also with the Moewe on her cruises, when he distinguished himself by bringing the captured vessel Westburn to Teneriffe, and then sinking the vessel.

Badewitz was then interned in Spain, but succeeded in escaping.

RAIDER AND NEUTRAL SAILORS.

New Issue Between States and Germany.

New York, Saturday.

The correspondent of the Associated Press at Washington telegraphs that the German Admiralty statement to the effect that neutral sailors of the vessels captured by the German raider had been removed as prisoners of war will raise another issue between the United States and Germany if the neutral sailors shoul I include any Americans.

It is maintained that neutral sailors could be considered prisoners of war only if their vessels came within the category of warships. The State Department, the correspondent continues, has held throughout that a vessel cannot be classed as a warship unless it sails with naval orders under a naval flag and is manned by naval crews.

BERLIN REPORTS SINKING OF CORNWALLIS.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A Berlin official message says that Captain Hartwig, submarine commander, on January 9, sank, sixty miles south-east of Malta, by torpedo, the British warship Cornwallis, accompanied by small naval forces.

[Note.—The Secretary of the Admiralty announced on 12th inst. that on Tuesday H.M.S. Cornwallis, a battleship of 14,000 tons, was sunk by an enemy submarine in the Mediterranean. The captain and all the officers are saved, but thirteen men are missing, and are believed killed.]

LATEST WIRES.

Mr Augustine Birrell, M.P., former Secretary for Ireland, had a good night, and is still improving.

The Dutch mail steamer Prinz Hendrik, which was seized and taken into Zeebrugge by German torpedo boats, was released last night.

The Crown Prince Carol of Roumania arrived at Petrograd yesterday, accompanied by M. Bratiano, the Roumanian Premier.

The Frankfurter Zeitung states:—A proclamation will be published shortly in Germany inviting women and boys and girls under seventeen to sign on for patriotic auxiliary work.

The Italian official report last night states:—On the Upper and Middle Isonzo enemy trench mortars showed increased activity, but they were silenced by the effective fire of our batteries.

The funeral of Ben Warren, the International half-back, of Derby County and Chelsea fame, took place yesterday at Newhall, Derbyshire. Beautiful wreaths were sent from the Chelsea and Derby County clubs.

BREAD RIOTS IN BERLIN.

DOCTOR'S REVELATIONS OF RHINE TOWNS.

WHOLE FAMILIES COMMIT SUICIDE.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A Dutch doctor just returned from Germany states that the situation in the small towns along the Rhine is heartrending. The population is thoroughly weakened through lack of food. Many suicides are reported, often whole families together.

A phenomenon due to the lack of fat in the food and now seen frequently is that the nails of the hands and feet fall off owing to the skin being too dry. The doctor believes that Germany will never hold out until the next harvest.

NO BREAD FOR SEVENTEEN DAYS.

Women Revolt in Berlin.

Rome, Saturday.

Berlin messages state that for seventeen days the population has had no bread, the quantities having been reduced by half. The women are everywhere in the streets protesting and menacing.

The Corriere d'Italia learns from a German source that Herr Batocki has declared that only by making further grave sacrifices can Germany hold out economically till the next harvest. Herr Batocki has intimated that there will have to be further restrictions in the distribution of food.

Geneva Saturday.—The Tribune states that serious food riots occurred on Thursday afternoon in Berlin. Several pork shops were raided, and the majority of the rioters were women.

BERLIN IN THROES OF A FOOD CRISIS.

London, Saturday.

The visit of the Austro-Hungarian political administrative leaders to Berlin is mainly for the discussion of the feeding question, says a Rotterdam correspondent of the DailyTelegraph.

By a bitter stroke of irony, at the very moment of this assembly in its midst the population of the Prussian capital is in the throes of a food crisis more serious than any yet experienced. There is something approaching a bread famine. Unable to obtain the necessary supplies, many important Berlin bakeries have closed down.

The people are told by the authorities that the crisis will pass, that the difficulties are due to subsidiary causes, such as the frosty weather, and traffic hindrances resulting partly from internal reorganisation under the Civilian Conscription Act.

However this may be, one significant fact is that the period of unprecedented privation has set in earlier than the Government anticipated, so that the plans made to tide over the painful interval before the beginning of the new harvest have been thrown into confusion.

The vaunted German organisation has broken down. The only remedy available appears to be more organisation. Thus it is now announced that in order to obtain exact knowledge of the situation, as regards bread, corn, flour, barley, oats, and leguminous vegetables, a fresh inventory of all the stocks throughout the Empire will be taken on February 15.

SOLDIER SETTLERS IN AUSTRALIA.

Government Scheme to Aid Returned Men.

Sydney, Saturday.

Mr Ashford, Minister for Lands, states that all future settlements of returned soldiers on Crown lands, where ten or more could be accommodated, would be carried out on the co-operative principle, and that he was working with that object in view.

The Government, he says, will seek to provide suitable land, and to direct efforts into the proper channels, besides providing the means of sustenance while farms are brought to the productive stage. During this period the settlers will have the benefit of expert supervision.

During February about a hundred farms will be available under this system.

The Government has resumed 750 acres of fruit-growing land near Vereli, capable of settling twenty-five soldiers on areas large enough to yield a livelihood. The price paid for this land was approximately £12,000.—Reuter.

FOUR YOUNG GIRLS DRINK BOTTLE OFWHISKY.

London, Saturday Night.

Four girls—two of sixteen years of age and two of seventeen—were remanded at Marylebone to-day on charges of being drunk and incapable in the Harrow Road, and stealing from two shops in the same road.

One of the girls, on recovering from the effects of the drink, confessed to the thefts from the shops, and added that she and one of the other girls went into an off-license house in Chepstow Place, Bayswater, and after inquiring the price of a bottle of Johnny Walker she pinched a bottle of whisky from the counter. They drank the whisky between them.

The High Commissioner for Canada in London was yesterday informed by cable gram from the Minister of the Interior at Ottawa that Canada's revenue for the year will be 60,000,000 dollars in excess of expenditure other than for war purposes.

GREAT RECOVERY OF ROUMANIA.

GERMANS HAMMERED AT PRALEA.

ENEMY'S USE OF EXPLOSIVE BULLETS.

London, Saturday Night.

The bulk of the heavy fighting now going on in Roumania is taking place south-west of Pralea, the centre of the Roumanian front, where notable successes have been obtained by the Allies within the past few days.

At this point the Germans defensive are being severely tried, and Berlin to-night reports that the Roumanians delivered desperate attacks. According to the enemy report, these were repulsed five times with sanguinary losses after fierce fighting, leaving, in addition to several hundred dead, some 400 prisoners.

Germans Use Explosive Bullets Exclusively.

Petrograd, after reporting the repulse of enemy attacks further north, states that fighting still continues in the region of Pralea. In the fighting north of Pralea the Germans fired exclusively with explosive bullets.

A smart success has been obtained by the Russians at a point eleven miles north of Focsani. Scouts crossed the River Putna and annihilated an enemy field post. The greater part of the men were bayoneted, the remainder being taken prisoners.

Mackensen Claims a Success.

In regard to Mackensen's area of operations—the sectors bordering on the Danube—Berlin to-day reports as follows:—

Violent snowstorms and bad light hindered the activity of our artillery in spite of which, however, the town of Mansesti, situated on the Serth, was captured by storm yesterday by German troops.

The Petrograd report of fighting in this sector is as follows:—

Under cover of concentrated fire by light and heavy artillery the enemy launched an attack in considerable forces on the Nanoeschi front, in the vicinity of the River Rimnik, and pressed back our detachments towards the River Sereth.

INVADERS' ADVANCE CHECKED.

Allies' Progress Towards Braila.

London, Saturday.

The enemy's advance has been stopped along the whole Sereth line, and Galatz is probably been saved, says a message from Geneva correspondent.

During the recapture of Vadeni the Allies wiped out two Turkish regiments. It is possible that Tulcea and Isaccet, which are under the Allies' fire, will soon be retaken.

The Bund, of Berne, says that the Central Powers' offensive against Roumania was only a kind of sortie by a besieged garrison.

A message received to-day from Rome says:—

Petrograd reports that the German attacks in Roumania have lost all intensity and that Russo-Roumania troops have made further progress towards Braila.

TURKS USING EXPLOSIVE BULLETS.

London, Saturday Night.

Petrograd reports to-night as follows:—

During the last engagements with the Turks on the Caucasian front it has been discovered that they made use of explosive bullets.—(Admiralty Per Wireless Press.)

REFUGEES' FLIGHT BEFORE THE GERMANS.

Baby Dies in London Station Waiting-Room.

London, Saturday Night.

A sad story of the sufferings endured by a family of refugees from Roumania on the way through Russia to England was related at a Westminster inquest on the nine months old daughter of Luigi Marzana, an Italian who, seven years before the outbreak of war emigrated, with his wife, to Roumania. Luigi is a carpenter, and his wife, Foffina, told the story through the medium of an interpreter.

It appeared that when the Germans invaded Roumania she and her husband, with their six children, the youngest nine months and the eldest ten years, fled, and eventually reached Newcastle via Russia, Finland, Sweden, and Norway. They suffered many hardships during the journey, notwithstanding the willing assistance given them by various Consuls. Their hardships were specially acute in Russia, where the railway accommodation was very bad and the cold intense. Altogether the journey from their home to Newcastle lasted nearly three months. Leaving from Newcastle they came, with twenty-four other refugees, to London. Separated from their companions, the family wandered about, and in a pitiable condition sank down exhausted in Charing Cross Station, where the youngest child, Maria, who had been suffering for some time from pneumonia, died in the waiting-room.

Mr E. F. Paventa, representing the Italian Consulate, said that the refugees had passed through the hands of no fewer than twenty Consuls, and had received money and all other assistance possible. Two of the other children of this couple were very ill in hospital with pneumonia. He proposed that the parents and the remaining children should be maintained in the infirmary at the expense of the Italian Consulate until all had recovered. Then they would continue their journey to Italy, where Luigi intended to join the army.

Death from natural causes was the verdict.

COWDENBEATH PIT DISASTER.

TWO MEN KILLED.

SEVERAL OTHERS INJURED.

Cowdenbeath, Saturday Night.

he dangers which attend the reconstruc- of a pit shaft were evident in an acci- that occurred at No. 7 Pit, Cowden- th, this forenoon. For nearly a year the k of widening the shaft of this pit has carried on with a view to a greater ut of coal.

o-day James Newton, Mosside Road; rge Muir, Foulford Road; Andrew Scott, k Street; and Edward M'Cafferty, ire, had fired a number of shots before kfast time. On descending again to work Newton stepped off the travelling old on to the bench, which gave way, ing him to fall a distance of about ve fathoms. The stone from the side of shaft fell upon him. Immediately steps e taken to release him from his perilous tion, but, unfortunately, another acci- occurred to delay the operation.

he relief party were on their way down he kepple when a further fall of stone place. One of the men, Charles Boyd, pit contractor, Broad Street, sustained re injuries to his chest and a fractured s, and was immediately conveyed by ulance to the West Side Hospital. An- r of the number, James Young, sharp- Broad Street, had one of his hands rely injured. Efforts were renewed to ue Newton.

he work was of a most dangerous de- tion owing to the state of the shaft. other men were injured by stones fall- upon them. James Fisher, shaftman, y, had his arm broken, and Archibald n, bricklayer, had his haunch badly ed. Brave efforts to get Newton out proved unavailing, his death taking late in the evening. Boyd succumbed is injuries in hospital at 5.45.

large number of persons congregated he pit mouth during the day.

LASGOW STOREKEEPER KILLED

While Attempting to Cross Street.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

man named Charles Gould (44), a store- er residing at 27 Strathyre Street, Glas- , was instantly killed near Shawlands s to-night.

ortly after eight o'clock a motor lorry, property of the Scottish Wholesale Co- rative Society, Morrison Street, and r the charge of James Cowie, 215 kston Street, broke down. Another r lorry, belonging to the same Society, arge of Peter Falconer, who also lives rookston Street, was sent to tow the led motor home.

ile in the act of towing it home near lands Cross, Gould was standing on west side of Pollokshaws Road, appar- with the intention of crossing to the side of the road. After the first lorry passed he failed to notice the second and he was struck on the head and instantly.

e lorries were both lit, and were being n at a moderate pace.

HE TEACHER HELD IN LOW ESTEEM.

Glasgow Headmaster's Trenchant Speech.

Arbroath, Saturday.

Neil S. Snodgrass, Govanhill School, gow, president of the Educational In- te of Scotland, addressing a meeting of oath Branch this afternoon, said:—e teacher was not held in esteem by ommunity. At the back of the minds he people they seemed to say the er is a man who spends his life among ren. He is therefore a soft kind of on, as is proved by the fact that despite college education he works for the s of an unskilled labourer. He is a of no social consequence, and can fore be snubbed by any local busy- who cares to do it.

at, said Mr Snodgrass, was not an ex- ration, and it explained in a large ure the difficulty of inducing capable and girls to enter the profession. Mr grass asked how could any sane per- be expected to believe in the import- of the teacher's work if it was paid lower rate than the work of a carter, icklayer, or a riveter, or of any un- d or semi-skilled worker?

AMILTON SCHOOLBOYS AS ENTERTAINERS.

Hamilton, Saturday Night.

e Y.M.C.A. Hall, Hamilton, was ded this afternoon, when a unique en- inment, with the object of raising funds ounded soldiers, was given by a group hool children.

e entertainment was presided over by a lboy, Master Walter Strothers, Both- while the lantern operator was also a lboy, Master Robert Milne, son of Mr Milne, J.P.

ster Robert Orr, son of the caretaker e Y.M.C.A. Hall in Hamilton, was en- ed with the duties of stage-manager and tary, and it is a tribute to his ingenuity the entire programme was carried out ut a hitch.

RFAR SOLDIER KILLED.

Forfar, Saturday.

day Mr William Smith, of the Strath- Bar, West High Street, received the ws of the death of his son, Sergeant m Smith, of the Black Watch, who lled by the explosion of a shell while way up to the trenches. In Septem- last he was wounded. Prior to enter- the army he was an apprentice in the oyment of Mr Alexander Burn, joiner.

HOUSEKEEPER ABUSES HER TRUST.

STRANGE STORY TOLD AT ABERDEEN COURT.

Aberdeen, Saturday.

How a housekeeper abused the trust placed in her was revealed at Aberdeen to-day, when Margaret Norval, Mile End Avenue, admitted having, from a house there, occupied by Mr James Ross, plumber, stolen £8 16s.

According to the Fiscal she had been in Mr Ross' employment, and for some time acted in the capacity of housekeeper, with full charge of the house. She was the only person in the house during the day. Last Sunday one of the men resident there left a pair of trousers lying about with £8 of loose notes in them.

Next day he received a telephone message that someone had broken into the house, and he hurried home to find accused in a state of excitement and one of the windows open, while the money was missing.

The police were summoned, and it was ascertained that no one had entered by the window. Suspicion fell on accused, and she confessed, producing five pounds, and saying that she lost one pound.

Norval was bound over for six months in the hope that she would in future pursue the straight path.

ROMANCE OF GREENOCK'S RED CROSS CARS.

Funds sufficient to purchase two motor ambulances were raised in Greenock in two days. Here is the story. Mr John Crawford, whose photograph this is, was a partner in the legal firm of Messrs J. C. Smith, Macdonald, & Crawford, Greenock, along with his father. At the outbreak of the war he proceeded to France, where he took up duties as an ambulance motor driver, and to-day we find him as Director of the Red Cross Scottish Section Ambulance Unit at Rouen, with no less than 130 cars under his management.

Returning to Greenock on a business visit, Mr Crawford, in the course of conversation with his father, Mr J. W. Crawford, mentioned that nearly every town and village in Scotland had gifted a motor ambulance to his unit, but that Greenock was an exception. These cars cost £250, and within two days of the conversation his father, by personal calls, received sufficient money to supply not one, but two cars.

MASONIC FUNERAL AT HAMILTON.

Hamilton, Saturday.

This afternoon the grave closed over the remains of Mr James Wilson, residing at Avon Street, Hamilton, a gentleman who took a deep interest in Freemasonry, and who for a long number of years had been secretary of the Hamilton Mossgiel Burns Club.

Deceased was employed in the Inland Revenue Offices at Hamilton. Bro: A. G. Jardine headed a large contingent of Hamilton Freemasons who took part in the obsequies to-day, while the local Burns Club, as well as the staffs of the various Government, Municipal, and County Council offices in Hamilton were represented amongst the mourners.

BILLIARD CHAMPION AT GREENOCK.

Greenock, Saturday.

Tom Aiken, Scottish billiard champion, played Sergeant-Major Hunt, the proceeds of the match being on behalf of Red Cross funds. Jenner's saloon was crowded, and the spectators were treated to a superb display by the champion. His breaks were:—79, 58, 48, and 116, and he closed with 112 unfinished. The final scores were:—Aiken, 766; Hunt, 468.

PLAYMATE'S PATHETIC ROLE.

New Cumnock, Saturday.

The funeral took place this afternoon of the little boy, David Stewart, son of William Stewart, engineman, Afton Cottages, who fell into the flooded waters of the River Afton and was drowned. A pathetic note was added by the presence at the funeral of the boy's little playmate, who was along with deceased at the time of the accident, and who made a bold attempt at rescue.

WELL-KNOWN SANQUHAR MAN DIES.

Sanquhar, Saturday.

The death has occurred of Mr John M'Kendrick, Corseburn, one of the oldest and most respected natives of Sanquhar. He is the eldest of the well-known M'Kendrick Brothers, famous all over Scotland for curling and bowling. A younger brother is Bailie James M'Kendrick, of Motherwell. He was in his seventy-fifth year, and is survived by Mrs M'Kendrick.

BOGUS OFFICER'S CAREER IN AYR.

HOW HE BORED THE JUDGE AND CAPTIVATED THE GIRLS.

Ayr, Saturday.

Donald M'Lean, alias Scott, a smart-looking young man, who appeared at Ayr Police Court this morning on three charges of fraud and attempted fraud, to all of which he pleaded guilty, has played several parts in his time.

A native of Arran, he worked, according to the Chief Constable of Ayr, who prosecuted in the case, as a farm labourer in Ayrshire, and towards the end of 1914 joined the Ayrshire Yeomanry, from which he was discharged about July, 1915. Subsequently he got work as a railway porter, and then he found his way to Gretna, where he remained for several months. He first fell foul of the police at Dumfries, where he posed as an officer of the A.S.C., and had quite a good time. In the early days of this year he made his appearance in Ayr, and for a brief period at least was entertained as one of our heroes.

On the 9th January he represented to a shop assistant that he had paid for two packets of cigarettes to her mistress, and induced the girl to give him the packets. To Mr David Alec Wilson, Ayr, a retired Indian Judge, he represented he was one of five Canadian brothers in the British Army, that the other four had been killed in the war, that he himself had fought at Gallipoli and in France, that he had been granted a commission in the army, and that he had been wounded at the Battle of the Somme in September. He further stated that he had recently been discharged from hospital, and had been summoned before the Medical Board at Edinburgh for re-examination on 17th January. Of course, all this led up to the statement that he was short of money, and in the end he induced Mr Wilson to give him a cheque for £5.

The "Hero" Who Did.

To Mr Peter Watson, a well-known landed proprietor, who lives in Racecourse Road, Ayr, M'Lean represented himself as Lieutenant Sloan Stephen M'Lean, of the 9th Royal Scots, that he belonged to British Columbia, and that he was studying medicine when war broke out, and joined the army. He had been on active service in the Dardanelles, in Egypt, and at Salonika and at the Somme, where he was wounded on 21st September by shrapnel. By this and other false statements he attempted to induce Mr Watson to give him money.

Mr James Loudon, chief constable, said this was one of a class of cases, unfortunately too common in these days, of adventurers going about the country and touching the hearts of charitably-disposed people willing to assist men who had been wounded. The circumstances under which Mr Wilson met the accused were rather unusual. On the afternoon of 12th January accused called at Mr Watson's house, and the story he told appealed to Mr Watson, and accused remained for several hours and had tea. Mr Wilson called while accused was at the house, and, thinking that "Lieutenant" M'Lean was "boring" the company, he (Mr Wilson) invited him out to take him off their hands. On the invitation of Mr Wilson, M'Lean visited his house the following day, and on the strength of his stories, which were entirely false, got the cheque for £5. The man appeared to have deceived Mr Wilson in every way, because, among other things, Mr Wilson promised to introduce him to the Town and County Club on the following Monday, and made an appointment to meet him, but as the man had been arrested in the interval the engagement could not be kept. On the Saturday afternoon, the banks being closed, accused went to the Ayr Picture Palace, where he made himself so agreeable to the Ayr girls that he persuaded them to cash the cheque. When arrested the man had £3 4s 10d in his possession, probably the balance of the money he had received.

Mr R. Candlish, solicitor, who made a statement for the accused, remarked that this was the foolish action of a young man who aspired to be a great man when he was really a very small man.

Bailie Adamson said that in the interests of the public he had to impose a sentence of sixty days' imprisonment on the principal charge. With regard to the two minor offences accused was dismissed with an admonition.

D.C.M. FOR IRVINE SOLDIER.

Irvine, Saturday.

The gratifying news has been received that another of Irvine's sons, by distinguished conduct in the field, has won the D.C.M.—Sergeant Henry Diamond, of the Highland Light Infantry. The sergeant has already been awarded two certificates for bravery, the first for gallant work performed at Loos in September, 1915, and the second for courageous conduct at the Somme on November of last year.

Congratulations will be showered upon Sergeant Diamond's father, himself an old campaigner with twenty-one years' service, and the possessor of the Zula War and Transvaal War medals.

Sergeant Diamond, who is twenty-nine years of age, was a reservist with seven years' service when war broke out, and, going out with the Expeditionary Force, he took part in the heavy fighting at Mons, the Marne, Aisne, Loos, and Somme.

PAISLEY BEER PRICES INCREASED.

Paisley, Saturday.

The Paisley and District Licensed Trade Association intimate to-day an increase in the price of beer, the new tariff to come into operation on Monday. Reputed pint bottles of beer and stout consumed on the premises will cost 5d, or 4s per dozen if carried out, large bottles for carrying out being now priced at 5s per dozen. In the case of the small bottles this means an increase of 1d per bottle on stout and a halfpenny on beer for consumption on the premises. On large bottles the increase is 6d per dozen.

Experts in petroleum report that there are possibilities of discovering new oil wells in Scotland.

CLYDEBANK'S LATEST D.C.M.

ALREADY POSSESSES MILITARY MEDAL.

Clydebank, Saturday Night.

In November last Private W. M'Dermott, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (Special Reserve), was awarded the Military Medal for gallantry on the field, and official intimation has now been received that he has gained the D.C.M. Private M'Dermott, whose wife resides at 44 John Knox Street, Clydebank, was connected with the army for many years, and re-enlisted shortly after the outbreak of hostilities.

WORKERS AND TRAIN SERVICE.

CLEARANCE CERTIFICATES GRANTED.

Kilmarnock, Saturday Night.

Sheriff Craigie, Glasgow, presided at a Munitions Tribunal to-day, when eleven Kilmarnock workmen, who travel daily to their employment at Troon, applied for clearance certificates on the ground that the restricted railway service between Kilmarnock and Troon was causing them to lose about 12s per week through short time. Efforts were made to rearrange the time of the men, and also to provide better travelling facilities, and the matter had been under the consideration of the Ministry of Munitions and the Railway Company, but without a satisfactory settlement being arrived at.

The Tribunal granted the clearance certificates, but the employers intimated an appeal.

The Sheriff congratulated Mr Brodie of the Engineers' Society, on the extreme fairness he had displayed in stating the case of the men.

Early Rising!

An electrician applied for a clearance certificate, stating that at present he had to leave Galston every morning at three o'clock and walk to Kilmarnock to catch a train at five o'clock for Stevenston. His wife's health prevented him from residing at the coast.

A representative of the firm stated that it was absolutely imperative that they should retain the services of every skilled man in their employment.

The appeal was refused, and an effort is to be made to find a house for the man in Kilwinning.

An engineer, who was under the influence of liquor at his work, was fined £2.

Y.M.C.A. HUT MATINEE AT DUNDEE.

Dundee, Saturday Night.

A very successful matinee was held in the King's Theatre, Dundee, this afternoon in aid of the "People's Journal" and "People's Friend" Y.M.C.A. Hut Fund.

The principal item on the programme was the production, by kind permission of Sir James Barrie, of the famous one act comedy, "The Will." This was in the hands of the Dundee Comedy Club, Mr James Mollison Kidd, the well-known Dundee amateur actor, being responsible for the arrangements. The rest of the programme was made up of music and dancing, Mr Ivan Phillipowsky being at the piano, while songs were finely rendered by Mr Fletcher Perry and Miss Rosa Macdougald. A splendid dancing turn was provided by Miss Anderson's pupils, a combination of sixteen children from the Board schools in the city, who gave splendid representations of Dutch, fairy, and Scottish dances.

The arrangements for programme and chocolate selling were conducted by Lady Urquhart, while generous gifts of chocolate were given by Jas Keillor & Sons, Ltd., and Lindsay & Low, Ltd., Dundee. The total drawings of the matinee amounted to £150.

MOTHERWELL'S FIRST R.N.D. HERO.

Able Seaman John Kirkwood, Royal Naval Division, is the first Motherwell lad—and there are hundreds in the R.N.D.—to win distinction for gallantry in action. He has been awarded the Military Medal, and his old comrades at Parkhead Colliery are hugely delighted at the honour.

The gallant A.B. joined the R.N.D. eighteen months ago, and has already seen service in Egypt and the Western front. He was wounded in France, and after recovering has returned to the firing line. The gallant lad is only nineteen years old, and has a brother serving in the Scottish Rifles.

Information has just been received that Piper Johnston, of the Black Watch, Lochgelly, has been killed in action.

Piper Johnston was a police constable in Lochgelly for three years before enlisting. He belonged to Falkland, and was married about a year ago.

NATIONALISE THE RAILWAYS

AND IMPROVE LABOUR CONDITIONS AFTER WAR.

DEMAND BY GLASGOW CONFERENCE.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

A good deal is likely to be heard in the near future as to the nationalisation of railways in Britain, and the interest that is even now taken in the subject was evidenced by the attendance of about 500 delegates at the conference which was held in Glasgow this afternoon under the auspices of the West of Scotland Committee to Promote Railway Nationalisation. Mr Robert Stewart, chairman of the Scottish Co-Operative Wholesale Society, presided over the meeting, which was mainly representative of Trade Unions and Co-Operative organisations.

The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, said there was a great cry just now about securing the world's trade, but he suggested to those who were so anxious to capture trade, that the best thing they could do was to set themselves about the nationalisation of the railways—(hear, hear)—for having once removed that serious burden from the shoulders of commerce and industry a new era should arise. (Applause.)

Triumphs of Stupidity.

The present system of private company management had been famous for helping many of their friends, and there were some wonderful examples, in the outskirts of Glasgow, of the absurdity of railways being conducted by private companies. They had, for instance, a line round about Paisley and Barrhead which, although completed, with stations built, had never been opened for years. There was, too, that triumph of stupidity, the line running down to Turnberry, which cost an enormous sum and did very little to enrich the country, although it did much to enrich the gentleman who owned the land in the district.

Seeing that the Government had now recognised that private enterprise and public company effort was the one thing that could not possibly stand the strain and stress of a great crisis, the time had now arrived for all who believed in the nationalisation of railways to put forth every effort possible for the purpose of removing that burden which had been so long resting on the shoulders of commerce and industry. If they wanted to see how well an undertaking could be done by a public body, let them think of the Glasgow tramways system—one of the finest in the Kingdom—which had rewarded Labour by a handsome increase.

Mr Emil Davies on Existing Conditions.

The principal speaker was Mr Emil Davies, chairman of the Railway Nationalisation Society. They had got to face the fact, he said, that immediately after the war was over, they would be confronted by an entirely new standpoint and a new state of affairs. They would be in a poorer Europe. Our enemies would be still worse off, but that would not be a very great consolation to them in the circumstances in which they would find themselves. Without going too much into figures, let him say that in 1913 the State took in public taxation 1-11th of the entire national income. If the war went on, as most of them believed it would, during the present year, it would require about one-fourth of the entire national income for its own purposes. In these circumstances, there would not be much room for national waste. (Hear, hear.)

We would be in an impoverished Europe, but America and Japan would be greatly enriched, and financially we would have to pay tribute to America, while before the war America paid tribute to us in the shape of dividend. Capital would be dear, but labour, he was sorry to say, would be cheap and prices would be higher. Let them not comfort themselves with the belief that with the end of the war they were going to see a very heavy fall in prices, because they were not. With these conditions they could not afford a farthing of waste, and on the present railway system they were wasting millions and millions every year.

Trade Depression and the War.

After the war they were going to have a short period of prosperity. In Glasgow because of the shipbuilding industry the prosperity would probably continue for a longer period; but even in Glasgow the prosperity would be followed by a period of depression, which would get worse and worse until things righted themselves.

If the masses were to lead even the dog's life that many of them led before the war, they would have to economise in everything, and one of the things they could not afford to waste was transport. In a national emergency the Government suddenly awoke and took over the railways, telling the Directors to run away and play. If it were necessary in a sudden national emergency, it was surely necessary in a permanent national emergency such as he had pictured. (Hear, hear.)

Mr W. K. Macpherson, National Union of Railwaymen, moved the following resolution:—That this conference, representing all the principal organisations in the co-operative and trade union movement in the West of Scotland, hereby declares that the ownership and control of the railways of the country by a comparatively small class is inconsistent with the interests and harmony of the community as a whole, and that, in order to give to the public an efficient, safe, and economical service, and to secure just conditions for the railway workers, Parliament should at once transfer the railways to the State by purchase at their real value, and should thoroughly co-ordinate the systems under a democratic form of management.

Mr J. M. Biggar, president of Glasgow and Suburbs Co-Operative Conference Association, seconded, and the motion was adopted, with a slight amendment proposing that trade unions should have a share in the management of State railways.

ANGRY WIFE'S THREAT.

HUSBAND TO BE ARRESTED IF HE SPOKE TO HER.

REMARKABLE LETTERS IN DIVORCE COURT.

Edinburgh, Saturday Night.

Some remarkable letters were produced in an action for divorce to-day before Lord Anderson at the instance of George William Mason, 126 Sword Street, Glasgow, against Maggie Rennie King M'Stravick, or Boyd or Knox or Mason, 96 North Hanover Street, Glasgow.

Pursuer stated that he was fifty-five, and was married in July, 1906. There were no children of the marriage. His married life was not happy, on account of the defender's violent temper. She left him several times, but he always succeeded in getting her to return, up to the time when they were living in Kilmarnock Road, Newlands. He came home there one evening from his work and found the defender had left the house, and had removed the furniture.

Asked to Remove.

He traced her about a week afterwards, and managed to persuade her to come and live with him in a house in Allison Street, which he told her to rent. She did so, but a few months later he received a letter from a law agent on behalf of defender asking him to remove, owing to his nagging.

When they were living at that house his wife threw things at him and abused him. Pursuer again arranged with defender to live together, but about two months later he again got a letter from her law agent.

In reply to Lord Anderson, pursuer said the house in Allison Street, and later in March Street, was in defender's name.

Pursuer, continuing, stated that in a letter, dated January 1911, defender's law agents said they had been consulted by his wife regarding his behaviour towards her, and they were instructed to notify him that he could not put up any longer in her house, and he must remove from it that night without fail not later than nine o'clock.

In February he received another letter from the law agents stating that defender complained most bitterly of her husband having again begun to communicate with her through the post, and also of his addressing her on the street.

"These renewed overtures have been, and are, most hurtful to our client, and she has suffered seriously therefrom, and has had to attend the doctor therewith. We must ask that your client desist. Such behaviour on your client's part is likely to have the most serious effect on her health."

In 1912 he again got her reconciled, and they lived together in a cottage in Lauderdale Avenue, Newlands, Glasgow, and lived there from May to September, 1912. That was her house, and when he was again requested to leave it he did so. The parties had never lived together since.

A letter was received by pursuer's agent from defender's agent, in which it was stated —"You will understand, of course, that your client is not to come to the house himself. With reference to your client's proposal that a meeting of parties be held, we have seen our client. Such a proposal will not be entertained for a moment." This letter had been received in connection with instructions he had given his agent to try to effect a further reconciliation.

Some time in 1912 he got a letter, in which it was stated that if he spoke to her on the street he would be handed over to the police.

Another Opportunity to Marry.

Lord Anderson remarked that defender seemed to have made several voyages on the matrimonial sea.

Pursuer stated that she was a widow when he married her. There were three children by her first and two by the Knox marriage. Both families lived with her and him.

Lord Anderson said he must give the lady the opportunity, if she was so disposed, of acquiring a fifth name.

DUNOON HERO ELUDES HIS FRIENDS,

Who Meet to Present Him With Gifts.

Dunoon, Saturday.

An amusing affair occurred at Dunoon last night which exemplifies the stuff of which heroes are made, but ended disastrously to Dunoon's first effort to make presentation to one of the lads who had received the Military Medal for bravery on November 13, when the county battalion badly smashed up an opposing Hun regiment.

The medallist was the first of those who had received honours to arrive at Dunoon on furlough. He was invited to the social of the Y.M.C.A., of which he was once a member.

This took the form of a "bring and eat" social. During the proceedings the young Argyll medallist got the hint that a presentation was to be made to him, but before it took place he had disappeared, and when the piper struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes" he was not to be found.

Scouts were sent to his home and elsewhere, but the soldier cleverly eluded them. Although he had successfully faced the German bullets he apparently could not bear the admiring gaze of his numerous friends.

ALLOTMENTS FOR LANARK.

Lanark, Saturday.

The Town Council have to-day issued a notice intimating that they will give part of the burgh lands for garden allotments at a rental of sixpence per pole, this charge working out at £4 per acre. There will in all probability be a large demand for these allotments

DEATH

ATHOLL.—At Blair Castle, on 20th January, John James Hugh Henry, seventh Duke of Atholl, K.T., H.M. Lieutenant for County of Perth, in his 77th year. Funeral on Tuesday, 23d curt., at 2.15 p.m. Owing to the war, it will be private to relatives, tenantry, and friends in the district. No flowers

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ATHOLL.

INCIDENTS IN CAREER OF GREAT HIGHLAND CHIEF.

Perth, Saturday.

His Grace the Duke of Atholl died at his ancestral home, Blair Castle, Perthshire, early this morning in his 77th year, death being due to heart failure.

Only quite recently His Grace went through an operation in Edinburgh, and while his end was sudden, it was not altogether unlooked for.

John James Hugh Henry Stewart Murray, seventh Duke of Atholl, K.T., Lord Lieutenant and Hereditary Sheriff of Perthshire, Chancellor of the Order of the Thistle, was born on 6th August, 1840. Educated at Eton, he succeeded his father in 1864. He served for some time in the 1st Battalion Scots Fusilier Guards, but retired from the army two years after succeeding to the estates. At the time of his death he was an honorary colonel of the 3rd Battalion (Reserve) Royal Highlanders. In 1868 he received the Order of the Thistle, and in 1913 he was created first Chancellor of this Order.

In the county of Perth the deceased had for many years been one of its most outstanding personalities. He was seldom absent from the ancestral home, and the welfare of his tenants was his first concern. He knew every man, woman, and child on the estate, and was acquainted with the history of their forbears often better than the families themselves. Every ready to help, he was looked upon more in the light of a personal friend than a landlord, and to the late Duke the tenants invariably went in all their troubles and worries.

An Unforgettable Picture.

Only those intimately acquainted with the vast estates of Atholl can appreciate what the passing of the Duke means to a big slice of Perthshire. For over half a century the mere mention of the name stirred the pulses of the numerous body of faithful retainers throughout the thousands of acres over which His Grace held away.

In a hundred different capacities he displayed that dignity of bearing and deportment which marked him out as a man of lofty birth and proud and ancient lineage.

The Duke at the head of his private regiment, the Atholl Highlanders.

One picture of the late Duke I will never forget, writes a special correspondent. It was at the funeral of the late Duchess of Atholl about a dozen years ago, when an immense concourse of distinguished personages attended to pay their last tribute of respect. Led by the pipers of the Atholl Highlanders, with that grand old Crimean veteran, the late Pipe-Major Angus M'Beth, in front, the late Duke, with bared head and noble bearing, walked in front of that great concourse of mourners through the winding avenues of trees to the place of sepulchre. "Lochaber No More" and "The Flowers of the Forest" wailed in dirge-like solemnity from the pipers, but it was the figure of the Duke as he marched along with all the pride of the Murrays in his step and in the characteristic swing of the kilt which appealed to most of those present.

It was a fine sight to watch the Duke in the picturesque uniform of the Dunkeld Curling Club playing with all the abandon and enjoyment of an enthusiast at Carsebreck bonspiel, and even if Dunkeld No. 1 Rink, of which His Grace was skip, happened to be—as occasionally occurred—drawn against a rink of Lanarkshire miners, that did not detract from his genuine enjoyment of the "roaring game." A thorough sportsman, the Duke was the first to admit the superior curling abilities of his opponents on the occasions when his own rink were several shots down.

Although of late years the Duke was not quite so keen on deer stalking as he was a decade or two ago, he was nevertheless very keen to have a few days after the "antlered monarchs of the forest." A notable achievement of the late Duke was when he brought down nineteen stags with twenty-one shots.

A Good Joke.

The meetings of the Highland District Committee of Perth County Council at Logierait are probably unique in Scotland, in that at the close of the business biscuits and cheese and a "dram" are handed round the company. The late Duke was a regular attender at these meetings, and an incident occurred which afforded the meeting in general and His Grace in particular much merriment. At this time the late Sir Robert Menzies was chairman, and the aged Baronet of Weem, unconventional to a degree, had strongly opposed the quality of the road metal which it was proposed to lay down on some of the Highland roads. On this particular occasion Sir Robert convulsed the meeting by tumbling out on the table a quality of road metal, which he declared was far superior to what was intended to lay down, and so tickled was the Duke at the unusual proceeding that he literally rocked in his chair with unrestrained merriment.

But to see the Duke of Atholl in the full panoply of his power and splendour one had to be present at the Atholl Gathering, which was held on the first Wednesday of September in a park adjoining the ancient castle. Frequently a crowd of over twenty thousand people has been present, Princes, Dukes, Marquises, and Earls many of them, and it was a spectacle never to be forgotten when the stalwart Atholl Highlanders, the only private army in the United Kingdom, marched on to the ground, with the proud Duke at the head. The Atholl Highlanders was probably the finest body of men in a physical sense ever seen in Scotland, the great majority of the men—ghillies, deerstalkers, gamekeepers, and others connected with the vast estate—being about six feet in height and broad in proportion.

A Friend of King Edward.

With the late King Edward the Duke was on terms of close personal intimacy, and on the occasion when King Edward opened the Queen Victoria Memorial at Dunblane Monarch and Peer appeared to enjoy heartily each other's company and stories.

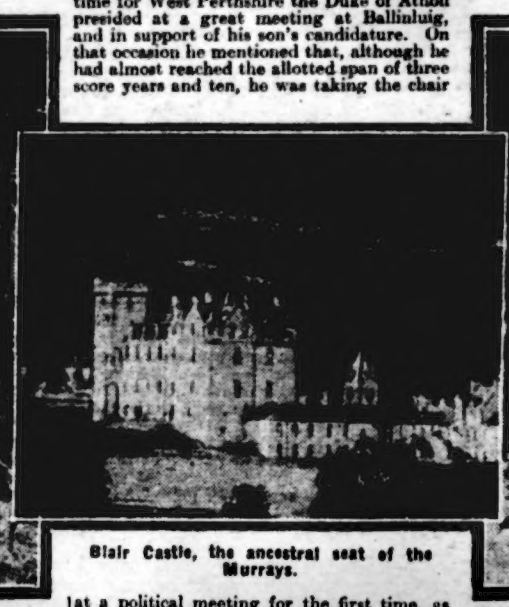
His last days were clouded by close personal bereavement arising out of the great war. His second son, Lord George Stewart Murray, was killed in action early in the war, while his other son, Lord James Stewart Murray was wounded and taken prisoner by the Germans. The new Duke, formerly Marquis of Tullibardine, also took his share in the war, and was in Gallipoli fighting with his regiment, the Scottish Horse, against the Turks.

The Duke and Politics.

When Lord Tullibardine stood for the first time for West Perthshire the Duke of Atholl presided at a great meeting at Ballinluig, and in support of his son's candidature. On that occasion he mentioned that, although he had almost reached the allotted span of three score years and ten, he was taking the chair at a political meeting for the first time, as he had always avoided taking an active part in politics upon his own property, and refrained from trying to influence the voters. Now he had taken the chair for his own son amongst his own people. Quite apart from the fact that he was his father, he felt that, with the knowledge that he had gained of conditions abroad and of affairs at home, and knowing his love for the people of his county, they could not have a better representative. If they in Atholl would back him up he felt that he would be returned. He would not have called upon their fathers in vain, and he felt that he did not call upon their sons in vain either.

We Athollmen, concluded the Duke, have always pulled together hitherto. Don't let us begin to think apart now.

The result of the election was the triumphant return of the Marquis.



Blair Castle, the ancestral seat of the Murrays.

The new Duke and Duchess of Atholl.

THE NEW DUKE.

The Duke is succeeded in the title and estates by his eldest son, the Marquis of Tullibardine, D.S.O., M.V.C., M.P. for West Perthshire. Lord Tullibardine has had a distinguished career as a soldier and a politician. He took part in the Egyptian campaign, where he received his D.S.O., and the South African War. He received the M.V.O. in 1902. On 20th July, 1899, he married Katharine Marjorie, daughter of Sir James Henry Ramsay, tenth Baronet of Bamff.

For a number of years he has represented the Western Division of the County in Parliament, and as the result of his succession to the Dukedom a vacancy will now be caused in that constituency. At the outbreak of the present war he was mobilised, and went with the Scottish Horse to Gallipoli, and subsequently Egypt. In October last he returned to this country as a result of a rearrangement of the Yeomanry regiments, and was gazetted as being on half-pay.

His Majesty the King has contributed the sum of £50 to the County of Aberdeen War Work Association, whose activities in an area with which the King has so close a territorial connection have been remarkably successful.

LUDICROUS SITUATION AT MOTHERWELL.

ELIGIBLE MEN CROWD OUT DANCE

Held in Building Where Tribunal is Sitting.

Motherwell, Saturday.

There was a number of peculiar as well as pathetic cases at the sitting of the Motherwell Burgh Tribunal. In one case a mother pleaded for her nineteen-year-old boy. Three had gone on service, and one had made the supreme sacrifice. The father had been confined to the house since the death of his son. Conditional exemption was granted

Another woman pleaded for her son, who was the only one at home. He was to have been sent to the army, but at the last minute the woman diffidently produced a card "to see if it was any good." She was asked why she did not show the card at first, and the pathetic reply was that "she was too excited and forgot about it." The card proved to be a colliery exemption certificate, and the woman was told that so long as her son held the card the military could not touch him. She retired highly delighted.

While these proceedings were being enacted upstairs—and previously unfit men were being passed into the army because of the dire necessity for men—in the spacious Town Hall immediately below the Council Chambers a dance was in full progress. There was no lack of partners, for the males—all young men of military age and of good physique—were even crowding round the doors—as spectators. It seemed so ludicrous that a gentleman, before the proceedings of the Court commenced, suggested that the military representative should go downstairs, as he might get there as many men as he required.

SERBIAN BOYS IN DUNDEE.

Dundee, Saturday Night.

The first contingent of Serbian boys, ten in number, who are to be educated in Dundee, arrived here to-night. They were met at the station by Mr Bonar, and proceeded to Fernbrae, a mansion-house in the west end of the city, which has been taken over by the Dundee Serbian Committee, of which Lord Provost Don is convener, as a residence for the boys.

The intention is to accommodate ultimately forty boys, and the first contingent came from England, where they have been staying for some time. At intervals others will arrive until the full complement is made up.

COMPENSATION FOR LOSS OF LITTLE FINGER.

Airdrie, Saturday.

Sheriff Lee has issued his decision here to-day in an action by George Kane, brusher, Cleland, against the Auchinlea Coal Company, Ltd., Howmuir Colliery, Cleland, in which compensation at the rate of £1 per week was sought for injury to the little finger of the left hand, which pursuer had to get amputated, due to an accident in the course of his employment with defenders.

His Lordship finds that pursuer was totally incapacitated for work, and was paid compensation of 20s weekly from 27th April to 21st July last. He was then able to engage in work not requiring the use of both hands. He worked irregularly at coupling and moving hutches, earning 6s a shift, but since August he had done no work. By July he was able to earn as a pony driver a wage greater than his earnings before the accident. Compensation of 20s weekly is awarded from 21st July to 1st August, and at the rate of 5s till the 16th of December, and until further orders the payments end at that date.

CO-OP. WORKERS' WAGES.

Falkirk, Saturday.

An agitation is being conducted in Falkirk and district on behalf of the employees of nineteen co-operative societies for an advance of 33 1-3 per cent. in their wages on the 1916 rate. Between 700 and 800 workpeople are affected, and these include clerks, dressmakers, milliners, boot repairers, tailors' cutters, and yanmen. To-day's development is that the Wages Board of the Co-Operative Societies has decided to submit the question to the Scottish District Co-Operative Conciliation Committee.

GERMAN AIRMEN IN BLUE FUNK.

AMAZING FEATS OF OUR FLYING MEN.

MY LUCKY ESCAPE FROM THE GERMANS.

(By Air-Mechanic Brown, Royal Flying Corps.)

I AM back again in Bonnie Dundee after two years in France. Right at the start let me say that during that time I had the opportunity of witnessing the remarkable growth of our Flying Service, and each day has passed I have watched our boys gaining superiority, performing feats every hour worthy of the V.C. until the German airmen have got the blue funk.

There are no more brighter optimists in the British Army than the airmen. All the time I was in France I never heard a single gloomy remark. The very way in which they go out on an exploit suggests victory, and it has often amazed me to see some of the lads coming back again, so riddled have been their machines. Although my particular duties have not been quite so thrilling as those of a pilot yet some curious experiences have befallen me.

One of the most exciting occurred when I was ordered to drive a motor car from Bethune on the way to Paris, conveying Lieutenant Mackleback, who was to bring back a new flying machine. We calculated that we would pass Arras, and with that object in view—we were keen to see the effects of the German bombardment on the cathedral—we took a road which led in that direction.

Into the German Lines.

At a certain village we were misled by a French sentry, who quite innocently made a mistake in directing us on our way. The result was that we ran practically into the German lines at Souchez. We did not discover our mistake until we arrived at the top of a hill. We were greeted with the bursting of four shells around us, and how we escaped I am sure I cannot say. I know that shrapnel was flying about in all directions, and, moreover, it was useless to turn at this particular spot, for if we had done that we should have soon proved a sure target as the result of manœuvering on a narrow road. I kept at full speed ahead until we dropped into a hollow shaded by two steep embankments.

Judging by the noises we could hear we were only a short distance from the nearest trenches, but we managed to keep perfectly cool under the strain of the very trying situation. Every moment we expected to be surrounded, for we could not conceive how we had escaped observation. Having got the car round I made the engine go as she had never gone before, but danger was not by any means passed, because we had to traverse the top of the hill which was so much exposed. It was just a question of keeping your head down and doing the "forty-five" if not more until we had approached a more safe area. Those moments were indeed tense, for a sniper had seen us and we could hear the bullets whistling round our ears, and the shells were again bursting, though not quite so perilously near as before.

A Lucky Escape.

And so we escaped, both considering ourselves jolly lucky, and remarking to one another that we must be two of the luckiest men of the war. Why, even our car was only very slightly damaged.

When I got back to my quarters again I met the members of the 4th and 5th Black Watch Battalions just coming out of the trenches after being there for nineteen days. I recognised many of my Dundee pals, and we were able to talk over old times.

Lieutenant Mackleback, who subsequently became a captain, was a very fine airman, and during one of his exploits he dropped into the German lines, but managed to escape into Holland. He reached England and I regret very much to say that while in this country he was accidentally killed whilst following his duties. He was a splendid airman, and a thorough gentleman.

Amongst the many aerial combats that have taken place within my experience I think I shall always remember a great feat performed by Lieut. Patrick, an Irish airman. He was only a young fellow—no more than eighteen years of age—and he ascended to meet a German machine which was flying at a height of 14,000 feet, and which was intending to raid a certain sector.

A Terrific Half-Hour.

Our officers watched his progress through the glasses, and he went for the enemy in very bold fashion. It transpired that he shot the observer dead, and then had a terrific half-hour with the pilot. At last he got the better of his foe, and brought him down. The German machine came down at such a rate that it went into the earth to a depth of six feet. Lieutenant Patrick afterwards descended, and for a moment or two was quite overcome when he saw the result of his gallantry. A colonel of an Engish regiment who was near at the time presented a piece of the wrecked machine to Lieutenant Patrick as a souvenir.

And the German air service have got a big fright, I can tell you. The development of the British air service has been marvellous. One day's history of the deeds of our airmen would fill a volume of the most stirring reading ever penned. I am not going to suggest for a moment that the German airmen are not expert. They are, but they lack the dash and pluck of our boys.

As to my trophies, these came my way from a friend in the Marines, who procured them during their great attack on Beaumont Hamel, where they raided the underground quarters of the Germans, and came amongst their haul some leading German officers. One of the helmets which I brought home belonged to a Count, and is adorned with a great deal of silver. It is estimated that it cost £40.

" . . . On the Western Front there is nothing to report. All remains quiet. . . . " — Extract from Official Despatch.

BETWEEN THE LINES

By BOYD CABLE

The author of "Between the Lines" is Mr BOYD CABLE, an Artillery Forward-Officer, serving on the Western Front. This week the writer gives a unique impression of life in the trenches, telling of many heroic deeds and stirring incidents, all forming an important part in the great game, but from the official despatch point of view not warranting any special publicity. The serial publication of "Between the Lines" has been secured for our readers by special arrangement with the author and the publishers—Messrs Smith, Elder & Co.

"On the Western Front there is nothing to report. All remains quiet."
—Official Despatch.

THE 7th (Territorial) King's Own Asterisks had "taken over" their allotted portion of the trenches, and were settling themselves in for the night. When the two facts are taken in conjunction that it was an extremely unpleasant night, cold, wet, and bleak, and the 7th were thoroughly happy, and would not have exchanged places with any other battalion in Flanders, it will be very plain to those who know their Front that the 7th K.O.A. were exceedingly new to the game. They were new and actually this was their first spell of duty in the forward firing trenches.

They had been out for some weeks, weary weeks, filled with the digging of communication trenches well behind the firing trenches, with drills and with various "fatigues" of what they considered a savvying rather than a military nature. At every task piled upon their reluctant shoulders had been performed promptly and efficiently, and now at last they were enjoying the reward of their zeal—a turn in the forward trenches.

The men were unfeignedly pleased with themselves, with the British Army, and with the whole world. The non-coms. were anxious and desperately keen to see everything in apple-pie order. The company officers were inclined to be fidgety, and the O.C. was worried and concerned to the verge of nerves. He pored over the trench maps that had been handed to him, he imagined assaults delivered on this point and that, hurried, at the point of the pencil, his supports along various blue and red lines to the threatened angles of the wriggly line that represented the forward trench, drew lines from his machine gun emplacements to the red-inked crosses of the German wire entanglements, frowned and cogitated over the pencil crosses placed by the O.C. of the relieved battalion where the firing-places of German maxims were suspected.

The Worries of the O.C.

Afterwards he made a long and exhaustive tour of the muddy trenches, concealing his anxiety from the junior officers, and speaking lightly and cheerfully to them—allowing therein truly and instinctively the principle of all good commanders to show a greater confidence as they feel it the more. He returned to the Battalion Headquarters, situated in a very grimy cellar of a shell-wrecked house behind the support trenches, and partook of a belated dinner of tinned food flavoured with grit and plaster dust.

The signallers were established with their telephones at the foot of the stone stair outside the cellar door, and into this cramped "exchange" ran the telephone wires from the companies in the trenches and from the Brigade Headquarters a mile or two back. Every word that the signallers spoke was plainly heard in the cellar, and every time the Colonel heard "Hello! Yes, this is O," he sat motionless, waiting to hear what message was coming through. When the meal was finished he resisted an impulse to "phone" all the forward trenches, ask how things were, unlaced his boots, kneed, and laced them up again, lay down on a very gritty mattress in a corner of the cellar, and tried to sleep.

For the first hour every rattle of rifle fire, every thud of a gun, every call on the telephone brought him up on his pillow, with ears straining to catch any further sound. After about the tenth alarm he reasoned the matter out with himself something after this fashion:—

"The battalion is occupying a position that has not been attacked for weeks, and is disposed as other Regular battalions have been, and no more and no less effectually than they. There isn't an officer or man in the forward trenches who cannot be safely trusted to keep a lookout and to report an attack to the last breath. There is no need to worry or keep awake, and to do so is practically admitting a distrust of the whole K.O.A. I trust them fully, and therefore I ought to go to sleep."

Eager and Keen for Action.

Whereupon the Colonel sat up, took off his wet boots, lay down again, resolutely closed his eyes—and remained wide awake for the rest of the night.

But if there be any who feel inclined to smile at the nervousness of an elderly, irritable, and constitutionally easy-going Colonel of Territorials, I would remind them of a few facts.

The Colonel had implicit faith in the stout-heartedness, the spirit, the fighting quality of his battalion. He had had the handling and the training of them ever since mobilisation, and he knew every single man of them as well as they knew themselves. They had done everything asked of them, and borne light-heartedly rough quarters, bad weather, hard duties. But—and one must admit it a big and serious "but"—to-night might be their real and their first testing in the flame and fire of war.

Even as no man knows how he will feel and behave under fire until he has been under fire, so no regiment or battalion knows. The men were razor-keen for action, but that very keenness might lead them into a rashness, a foolhardiness, which would precipitate action.

The Colonel believed they would stand and fight to the last gasp and die to the last man rather than yield a yard of their trench. He believed that of them even as he believed it of himself—but he did not know it of them any more than he knew it of himself. Men, apparently every bit as good as him, had before now developed some "white streak," some folly, some stupidity in the stress and strain of action.

Other regiments, apparently as sound as his, had in the records of history failed or broken in a crisis. He and his were new and untried, and military commanders for innumerable ages had doubted and mistrusted new and untried troops.

Well . . . he had done his best, and at least the next twenty-four hours should show him how good or how bad that best had been. But meantime let no one blame him for his anxiety and nervousness.

The Scores of the Snipers.

And meantime the 7th Asterisks, serenely unaware of their Commanding Officer's worry and doubt—and to be fair to them and to him it must be stated that they would have flouted scorntully any suggestion that he had held them—joyfully set about the impossible task of making themselves comfortable and the congenial one of making the enemy extremely uncomfortable. The sentries were duly posted, and spent an entirely unnecessary proportion of their time peering over the parapet.

There were more Verey pistol lights burnt during the night than would have sufficed a trench-hardened battalion for a month, and the Germans opposite, having in hand a little job of adding to their barbed-wire defences, were puzzled and rather annoyed by the unwonted display of fireworks. They foolishly vented their annoyance by letting off a few rounds of rapid fire at the opposition, and the 7th Asterisks eagerly accepted the challenge, and manned their parapets and proceeded to pour a perfect hurricane of fire back to the challengers. The Germans, with the exception of about a dozen picked sharp-shooting snipers, ceased to fire, and took careful cover.

The snipers during the Asterisks' three minutes of activity succeeded in scoring seven hits, and the Asterisks found themselves in possession of a casualty list of one killed and six wounded before the company and platoon commanders had managed to stop the shooting and get the men down under cover.

When the shooting had ceased and the casualties had been cleared out on their way to the dressing-station the Asterisks recharged their rifle magazines and spent a good hour discussing the incident, those men who had been beside the casualties finding themselves and their narratives of how it happened in great demand.

And one of the casualties, having insisted when his slight wound was dressed, on returning to the trench had to deliver a series of lecturettes on what it felt like, what the Medical said, how the other fellows were, how the dressing-station was worked, and similar subjects, with pantomimic illustrations of how he was holding his rifle when the bullet came through the loophole, and how he was still fully capable of continuing to hold it.

A Sudden Interruption.

A heavy shower dispersed the audiences, those of the men who were free to do so returning to muddy and leaky dug-outs, and the remainder taking up their positions at the parapet. There was as much chance of these latter standing on their heads as there was of their going to sleep, but the officers made so many visiting rounds to be certain of their sentries' wakefulness, and spent so long on each round and on the fascinating peeps over into "the neutral ground" that the end of one round was hardly completed before it was time to begin the next.

Occasionally the Germans sent up a flare, and every man and officer of the K.O.A. who was awake stared out through the loopholes in expectation of they knew not what. They also fired off a good many "pistol lights," and it was near 4 a.m. before the Germans ventured to send out their working-party over the parapet.

Once over, they followed the usual routine, throwing themselves flat in the mud and rank grass when a light flared up and remaining motionless until it died out, springing to silent and nervous activity the instant darkness fell, working mostly by sense of touch, and keeping one eye always on the British parapet for the first hint of a soaring light.

The "neutral ground" between the trenches was fairly thickly scattered over with dead, the majority of them German, and it was easy enough for an extra score or so of men, lying prone and motionless as the dead themselves, to be overlooked in the shifting light. The work was proceeding satisfactorily, and was almost completed, when a mischance led to the exposure of the party.

One of the workers was in the very act of crawling over the parapet when a British light flared. Half-way over he hesitated one moment whether to leap back or forward, then hurriedly leapt down in front of the parapet and flung himself flat on his face. He was just too late. The lights revealed him exactly as he leapt, and a wildly excited King's Own Asterisk pulled back the cut-off of his magazine and opened rapid fire, yelling frenziedly at the same time that they were coming—were coming—were attacking—were charging—look out!

Every Man in His Place.

Every K.O.A. on his feet lost no time in joining in the "mad minute," and every K.O.A. who had been asleep or lying down was up in a twinkling and blazing over the parapet before his eyes were properly opened. The machine-gun detachment were more circumspect if no less eager. The screen before the wide loophole was jerked away, and the fat barrel of the maxim peered out and swung smoothly from side to side, looking for a fair mark.

It had not long to wait. The German working-party "stuck it out" for a couple of minutes, but with light after light flaming into the sky and exposing them pitilessly, with the British trench crackling and spitting fire from end to end, with the bullets hissing and whistling over them, and hailing thick amongst them, their nerves gave and broke; in a frantic desire for life and safety they flung away the last chance of life and safety their prone and motionless position gave them.

They scrambled to their feet, a score of long-cloaked, crouching figures, glaringly plain and distinct in the vivid light, and turned to run for their trench. The sheeting bullets caught half a dozen and dropped them before they had well stood up, stumbled another two or three over before they could stir a couple of paces, went on cutting down the remainder swiftly and mercilessly. The remainder ran, stumbling and tripping and staggering, their legs hampered by their long coats, their feet clogged and slipping in the wet, greasy mud. The eye glaring behind the swinging sights of the maxim caught that clear target of running figures, the muzzle began to jet forth a stream of fire and hissing bullets, the cartridge belt to click, racing through the breach.

In the Thick of It.

The bullets cut a path of flying mud-splashes across the bare ground to the runners, played a moment about their feet, then lifted and swept across and across—once, twice, thrice. On the first sweep the thudding bullets found their targets, on the second they still caught come of them, on the third they sang clear across and into the parapet, for no figures were left to check their flight. The working party was wiped out.

It took the excited riflemen another minute or two to realise that there was nothing left to shoot at except an empty parapet and some heaps of huddled forms, but the pause to refill the empty magazines steadied them, and then the fire died away.

The whole thing was over so quickly that the rifle fire had practically ceased before the Artillery behind had time to get to work, and by the time they had flung a few shells to burst in thunder and lightning roar and flash over the German parapet, the storm of rifle fire had slackened and passed. Hearing it die away, the gunners also stopped, reloaded, and laid their pieces, waited the reports of their Forward Officers, and on receiving them turned into their dug-outs and their blankets again.

But the batteries covering the front held by the Asterisks remained by their guns, and continued to throw occasional rounds into the German trenches. Their Forward Officers had passed on the word received from the Asterisks of a sharp attack quickly beaten back—that being the natural conclusion drawn from that leaping figure on the parapet and the presence of Germans in the open—and the guns kept up a slow rate of fire, more with the idea of showing the enemy that the defence was awake and waiting for them than of breaking up another possible attack. The battalions of Regulars to either side of the Asterisks had more correctly diagnosed the situation as "false alarm" or "ten rounds rapid on working parties," and their supporting Artillery did no more than carry on their usual night firing.

The result of it all was that the Asterisks throughout the night enjoyed the spectacle of some very pretty artillery fire in the dark on and over the trenches facing them, and also the much less pleasing one of German shells bursting in the British trenches, and especially in those of the K.O.A. They had the heaviest share on the simple and usual principle of retaliation, whereby if our Section A of trenches is shelled we shell the German section facing it, and vice versa.

The fire was by no means heavy as artillery fire goes these days, and at first the Asterisks were not greatly disturbed by it. But even a rate of three or four shells every ten or fifteen minutes is galling, and necessitates the keeping of close cover or the loss of a fair number of men. It took half a dozen casualties to impress firmly on the Asterisks the need of keeping cover. Shell casualties have an extremely ugly look, and some of the Asterisks felt decidedly squeamish at sight of theirs—especially of one where the casualty had to be collected piece by piece and removed in a sack.

An Hour's Weary Vigil.

For an hour before dawn the battalion "stood to," lining the trench with loaded rifles ready after the usual and accepted fashion, shivering despite their warm clothing and mufflers and woollen caps and thick greatcoats in the raw-edged cold of the breaking day. For an hour they stood there listening to the whine of overhead bullets and the sharp "slap" of well-aimed ones in the parapet, the swish and crash of shells, the distant patter of rifle fire, and the boom of the guns.

That hour is perhaps always the worst of the twenty-four. The rousing from sleep, the turning out from warm or even from wet blankets, the standing still in a water-logged trench, with everything—fingers and clothes and rifle and trench-sides—cold and wet and clammy to the touch, and smeared with sticky mud and clay, all combine to make the morning "stand to arms" an experience that no amount of repetition ever accustoms one to or makes more bearable.

Even the Asterisks, fresh and keen and enthusiastic as they were, with all the interest that novelty gave to the proceedings, found the hour long-drawn and trying, and it was with intense relief that they saw the frequently consulted watches mark the finish of the time, and received the word to break off from their vigil.

They set about lighting fires and boiling water for tea, and frying a meagre bacon ration in their mess-tin lids, preparing and eating their breakfast. The meal over, they began on their ordinary routine work of daily trench life.

Picked men were told off as snipers to worry and harass the enemy. They were posted at loopholes and in various positions that commanded a good outlook, and they fired carefully and deliberately at loopholes in the enemy parapet, at doors and windows of more or less wrecked buildings in rear of the German lines, at any and every head or hand that showed above the German parapet.

In Search of the Sniper.

In the intervals of firing they searched through their glasses every foot of parapet, every yard of ground, every tree or bush, hayrick or broken building that looked a likely spot to make cover for a sniper on the other side. If their eye caught the flash of a rifle, the instantly vanishing spurt of haze or hot air—too thin and filmy to be called smoke—that spot was marked down, long and careful search made for the hidden sniper, and a sort of Bisley "disappearing target" shoot commenced, until the opponent was either hit or driven to abandon his position.

The enemy's snipers were, of course, playing exactly the same game, and either because they were more adept at it, or because the Asterisks' snipers were more reluctant to give up a position after it was "spotted," and hung on gamely, determined to fight it out, a slow but steady tally was added to the Asterisks' casualty list.

Along the firing and communication trenches parties set to work of various sorts, baling out water from the trench bottom, putting in brushwood or brick foundations, building up and strengthening dug-outs and parapets, filling sandbags in readiness for night work, and repairs on any portion damaged by shell fire.

By now they were learning to keep well below the parapet, not to linger in portions of the communication trench that were enfiladed by shrapnel, to stoop low, and pass quickly at exposed spots where the snipers waited a chance to catch an unwary head. They had learned to press close and flat against the face of the trench, or to get well down at the first hint of the warning rush of an approaching shell; they were picking up neatly and quickly all the worst danger spots and angles and corners to be avoided except in time of urgent need.

One thing more was needed to complete their education in the routine of trench warfare, and the one thing came about noon just as the Asterisks were beginning to feel pleasant anticipations of the dinner hour. A faint and rather insignificant "bang" sounded out in front. The Asterisks never even noticed it, but next moment when something fell with a thudding "sploshh" on the wet ground behind the trench the men nearest the spot lifted their heads and stared curiously. Another instant, and with a thunderous roar and a leaping cloud of thick smoke the bomb burst. The men ducked hastily, but one or two were not quick enough or lucky enough to escape, although at that short distance they were certainly lucky in escaping with nothing worse than flesh wounds from the fragments of old iron, nails, and metal splinters that whirled outwards in a circle from the bursting bomb. Everyone heard the second shot, and many saw the bomb come over in a high curve.

No Escape from the Bombs.

As it dropped it appeared to be coming straight down into the trench, and every man had an uncomfortable feeling that the thing was going to fall directly on him. Actually it fell short and well out in front of the trench, and only a few splinters and a shower of earth whizzed over harmlessly high.

The third was another "over," and the fourth another "short," and the Asterisks, unaware of the significance of the closing-in "bracket," began to feel relief and a trifle of contempt for this clumsy, slow-moving, and visible missile. Their relief and contempt vanished for ever when the fifth bomb fell exactly in the trench, burst with a nerve-shattering roar, and filled the air with whistling fragments and dense, choking, blinding smoke and stench.

Having got their range and angle accurately, the Germans proceeded to hurl bomb after bomb with the most horrible exactness and persistency. For two hundred yards up and down the trench there was no escape from the blast of the bursts. It was no good crouching low or flattening up against the parapet, for the bombs dropped straight down and struck out backwards and sideways in every direction.

Even the roofed-in dug-outs gave no security. A bomb that fell just outside the entrance of one dug-out riddled one man lying inside, and blew another who was crouching in the entrance outwards bodily across the trench, stunning him with the shock and injuring him in a score of places. Plenty of bombs fell short of the trench, but too many fell fairly in it. When one did so there was only one thing to do—to throw oneself violently down in the mud of the trench bottom, and wait, heart in mouth, for the crash of the explosion.

The Artillery, on being appealed to, pounded the front German trench for an hour, but made no impression on the trench mortar. The O.C. of the Asterisks telephoned the Brigade asking what he was to do to stop the torment and destruction, and, in reply, was told he ought to bomb back at the bomb-throwers. But the Asterisks had already tried that without any success. The distance was too great for hand-bombs to reach, and the men appeared to make poor shooting with the rifle grenades.

The Colonel in Difficulties.

"Why not try the trench mortar?" asked the Brigade, to which the harassed Colonel replied conclusively because he didn't possess one, hadn't a bomb for one, and hadn't a man or officer who knew how to use one.

The Brigade apparently learnt this with surprise, and replied vaguely that steps would be taken, and that an officer and detachment of his battalion must receive a course of instruction.

(Continued on next page.)

Official photograph of Canadians in the firing line.

NEWSY NOTES FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND

By Our Special Commissioner.

Won the Gratitude of Prisoners of War.

The prisoners of war in Germany attached to the Royal Scots have a warm friend in Lady Kinross, who is every whit as charming as she looks. Her Ladyship has added considerably to the funds avail-

Lafayette.

able for comforts for the unfortunate lads who are behind barbed wire in starving Germany by means of musical and dramatic entertainments given in various East Coast towns. In the production of these she has been ably assisted by her brother, Captain Johnstone Douglas.

A Duke's Generosity.

At a time like this, when non-industrial districts are suffering in a greater degree than those whose lot it is to reside in munition and engineering centres, the generosity of the Duke of Argyll towards those resident in his neighbourhood and to those at present in his employ, as well as those workmen who are now fighting for their King and country, has much to commend itself. Each workman on the Duke's Inveraray estate with his January pay received a fine present of £5, and all the men now in the army who were in his employ have had the difference between their army pay and their civil pay made up.

Meat at 2d per lb.

His Grace is also helping to fill the gap caused by the scarcity and dearness of butcher meat, thus helping to lighten the worries of the harassed housewife. He has arranged to supply Inveraray and district with regular supplies of venison, and the people are taking full advantage of the cheap food offered. This week a further supply was on sale at the local butchers' at the low price of from 2d to 4d per lb. for certain parts. The deer are shot on the Duke's own estate in the vicinity, and are prepared ready for sale by the local butchers, who are allowed a certain profit. The only stipulation is that none of the meat must be sent out of the district.

A Splendid Leader.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Bellingham, D.S.O., who has been mentioned in recent despatches from the western front, is a brother of the Marchioness of Bute, and received the D.S.O. from the hands of His Majesty King George as recently as October last. The Lieutenant-Colonel commands a battalion of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. A younger brother of Lady Bute, Captain Roger Bellingham, R.F.A., made "the supreme sacrifice" in France over a year ago, while Lieutenant-Colonel Bellingham was also wounded during the Somme offensive.

M.P.'s Useful Gift.

Mr Harry Hope, M.P. for Buteshire, has recently made a presentation to each of the workers on his East Lothian farms which, if novel in form, is certainly likely to be much appreciated in these days of increased food prices. The gift took the form of bags of potatoes to the value of £5 10s for each of the farm servants (or this sum in money where preferred), while each of the women and boys in his employment received the award of a week's wages.

Back from the Front.

Captain the Master of Belhaven and Lady Grisel Hamilton are now in residence at Wishaw House, the ancestral seat of the Belhaven Hamiltons. Lord Belhaven's only son and heir has just come home from a long spell of service at the front, and is looking bronzed and well. He will be returning very shortly to France. Lord Belhaven has not been in the best of health, but he has made capital progress of late. His Lordship and all the members of the family are very popular with their Lanarkshire tenants and employees.

Brought Domestic Bliss to Glasgow Magistrates.

Here is a photograph of Mr James O. Robertson, that popular Scottish exponent of the terpsichorean art, who has possibly taught more people to dance than any other teacher in the West of Scotland. Mr Robertson tells me that quite a number of Glasgow's best-known Bailies and ex-Bailies, who now sit in high dignity at the George Square municipalace, as young men tripped the light fantastic toe under his tuition, and that some of them met at his dancing class the girls whom they afterwards wedded. Mr Robertson, of course, is not giving away any romantic secrets by mentioning names, but he justly feels it is a pleasure thus to have helped towards home happiness certain gentlemen whose names are now household words in Saint Mungo.

A See-Saw Speech.

The recent death of the Hon. Arthur Bland, third son of the first Lord Hampden, recalls to a Greenock correspondent an amusing incident of the famous bye-election of 1891, when the young, untried politician secured Wisbech for the Liberal party. The decisive meeting of the election was held at the village of Whittlesey. A platform consisting of planking laid across trestles had been improvised for the occasion in the schoolroom, and when it came to the turn of Mr T. D. Sullivan, an enthusiastic Irish M.P., to support the young candidate the nerve of the ladies on the platform was severely tested. Warming to his task, Sullivan plunged from side to side as he spoke. Up went the left side of the boards when he plunged to the right, and when he plunged to the left the chairs of the right were elevated see-saw fashion. All were relieved when the eloquent and fiery speaker sat down. But Mr Bland was convinced that it was this speech which turned the scale in his favour.

Congratulations.

Lafayette.

Here is a well-kent Glasgow face. Major G. K. Crichton, of the A.S.C., is one of the latest recipients of the Military Cross. The major, who in civil life was widely and popularly known as a director and secretary of the well-known Glasgow motoring firm of George Gilmour, Ltd., is the type of Briton who makes headway anywhere. Perhaps his father, Mr Walter Crichton, is even better known in the second city, for he has been connected with Rangers since that famous football club began to make history, while a big athletic gathering in Scotland without Mr Crichton present—either as judge or spectator—would be incomplete and inconceivable. Congratulations to father and son!

Mr MacWhirr's £40,000 for War Funds.

Mr good friend Mr Thomas MacWhirr, of Glasgow, is still doing splendid work by way of raising more money for the various war funds. His wondrous collection of war relics, of the cartoons of Raemaekers, and of the autographs of prominent people is still being eagerly sought after, and already the huge sum of £40,000 has been raised by the Scottish exhibitions here, there, and everywhere. Mr MacWhirr, as is but natural, is very enthusiastic over his collection, and he does not rest content with his laurels; rather is he everlastingly striving and straining to add a little bit here and a little bit there. This, indeed, is Mr MacWhirr's war time hobby, and truly may he be reckoned as one of Tommy's best friends.

County Council Clerk and Housing Reformer.

Although young in years, Mr W. E. Whyte, the clerk and treasurer to the Middle Ward District Committee of the county of Lanark, holds one of the most lucrative appointments of its kind in County Council administration throughout Scotland. A fully-qualified solicitor, he has been trained to County Council work since the outset of his career, and his rapid rise to his present post is a tribute to his remarkable versatility and Scottish grit. In his own way he is somewhat of a housing reformer, and the Labour members of the Lanark County Council will be the first to admit that the advance which the County Council authorities have made in the direction of promoting up-to-date housing schemes has been due to the inspiration and lead given by Mr Whyte, the district clerk. He has probed the housing problem in Lanarkshire to its foundation, and his masterly grip of economic and sanitary details has been quite an asset to the County Council in recent years.

Keen Highland Sportsman.

It has been learned with pleasure in Inverness and district that Mr F. W. Grant of Maryhill, Inverness, has taken the mansion-house and shootings of Cantray for the coming season. Mr Grant is a well-known citizen of the capital of the Highlands. He is a keen sportsman and angler, and has on several occasions visited many parts of the world. Generous to a degree, he entertained not long ago about 100 wounded soldiers at Cantray. He is specially interested in natural history and ornithology, having in his possession, besides many home-bred birds, a number of foreign birds secured on his travels. Mr Grant is at present in London, but returns in the spring for a spell of angling on a fine reach of one of the rivers in Sutherland.

Honoured by Montenegrin King.

Lieutenant-Colonel James Dawson, D.S.O. will receive the hearty congratulations of many friends in the north-east of Scotland on the additional honour which has come to him in having been presented by the King of Montenegro with the Order of Danilo for eminent services at the front. His thoroughness of organisation has always been the lieutenant-colonel's outstanding characteristic, whether as organiser of the evening schools of the Aberdeen School Board in pre-war times; in organising an advanced position near Hulluch on the memorable 25th September, 1915—recognised by the Distinguished Service Order decoration; and in many other capacities where thinking and planning were essential to success.

Perth Lord Provost's Latest Scheme.

No Chief Magistrate in modern times in Perth has had a more strenuous municipal career than the present occupant of that position, Lord Provost Scott, whose photograph you see here. His Lordship is a man of independent mind, who has always the courage of his convictions even though he should find himself in the minority. At the present moment his Lordship is taking an active part in the promotion of a scheme of child welfare by which a health visitor will be appointed for Perth, and a Central Bureau established where young mothers will receive advice on the upbringing of their offspring. In this he has the community's best wishes for its success.

Paisley's Leading Minister.

The Rev. A. M. Maclean, of Paisley Abbey, who has been appointed officiating clergyman to the Presbyterian troops stationed at Paisley, was one of the first of our Scottish chaplains to receive the Military Cross. When out at the front he was immensely popular with the boys, and the admiration which he retains for the lads of the Highland Brigade is demonstrated by his eloquent tributes in numerous lectures which he has delivered up and down the country. Paisley's leading minister has, like the famous priest of song, "a wonderful way with him." He has been richly dowered by what is called the Celtic temperament, and the Celtic temperament is doing a very great deal to help bring this war to a triumphant conclusion.

Winston and His Mother.

Like the rest of us, Lady Randolph Churchill is not so young as she was. R collect that Winston—the one and only—43 years of age. Years cannot wither h

Lafayette

personal charm and vivacity, however She still wields a racy pen, and now she following up her recent book on woman war work by going on a lecture tour. Th brilliant Anglo-American is a most fascina ing platform speaker, and apart from th her personality in itself is a good dra So that I scarcely imagine her lecture aga will ever be worried by the lack audiences.

Minister's Powers as Linguis

A Lanarkshire clergyman who in the days has won the commendation of "th man in the street," and even the praise the most prejudiced of the critics of th Church, is the Rev. John A. Lees, minist of St James' Congregational Church, Ham ton. Since the commencement of the w he has repeatedly gone on spells of duty the fighting zone in France on behalf of th Y.M.C.A., and his services in that capaci have been officially appreciated. He is a accomplished linguist, and has done muc throughout Lanarkshire to promote th study of Esperanto, which he speaks a writes with equal facility. His uniq knowledge of foreign languages makes hi an invaluable acquisition to the Y.M.C.A especially now, when the sign of the "r triangle" is to be found in practically eve theatre of war.

Football Legislator's Daughter as Preacher.

The pulpit is feeling the pinch just no So many ministers are away on war servi and so many more are being urged to ta up Y.M.C.A. work, that it looks as if t clergy will have to call in women to th aid as preachers. One Glasgow lady, M Mary Black, has already come to the a of many West of Scotland churches, a last week she officiated with great acce ance in Bellshill Congregational Chur Mrs Black, who is headmistress of Mer flats Poorhouse School, Govan, is t daughter of Mr W. T. M'Culloch, the we known football legislator, and ex-preside of the S.F.A. The lady's services are great demand by many churches, and t opinion has been voiced that she is a bet preacher than many a trained male th logian.

BETWEEN THE LINES—By Boyd Cable (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5).

The Colonel replied with spirit that he was glad to hear all this, but in the meantime what was he to do to prevent his battalion being blown piecemeal out of their trenches?

It all ended eventually in the arrival of a trench mortar and a pile of bombs from somewhere, and a very youthful and very much annoyed artillery subaltern from somewhere else. The Colonel was most enormously relieved by these arrivals, but his high hopes were a good deal dashed by the artilleryman.

That youth explained that he was in effect totally ignorant of trench mortars and their ways, that he had been shown the thing a week ago, had it explained to him—so far as such a rotten toy could be explained—and had fired two shots from it. However, he said briskly, if off-handedly, he was ready to have a go with it and see what he could do.

The trench mortar was carried down to the forward trench, and on the way down behind it the youngster discoursed to the O.C. of the Asterisks on the "awful rot" of a gunner officer being chased off on to a job like this—any knowledge of gunnery being entirely superfluous and, indeed, wasted on such a kid's toy. And the O.C., looking at the trench mortar being prepared, made a mental remark about "the mouths of babes" and the wise words thereof.

The weapon is easily described. It was a mere cylinder of cast-iron, closed at one end, open at the other, and with a roomy "touch-hole" at the closed end. The carriage consisted of two uprights on a base, with mortar between them, and pointing up at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

Their Only Hope.

The charge was little packets of gunpowder tied up in paper in measured doses. The bomb was a tin can—an empty jam tin, mostly—filled with a bursting charge and fragments of metal, and with an inch or so of the fuse protruding.

The piece was loaded by throwing a few packets of powder into the muzzle, poking them with a piece of stick to burst the paper, and carefully sliding the bomb down on top of the charge. A length of fuse was poked into the touch-hole and the end lit, sufficient length being given to allow the lighter to get round the nearest corner before the mortar fired.

The whole thing was too rubbishy and cheaply and roughly made to have been fit for use as a "kid's toy," as the subaltern called it. To imagine it being used as a weapon of precision in a war distinguished above all others as one of scientifically perfect weapons and implements was ridiculous beyond words.

The Colonel watched the business of loading and laying with amazement and consternation.

"Is it possible to—er—hit anything with that?" he asked.

"Well, more or less," said the youthful subaltern doubtfully. "There's a certain amount of luck about it, I believe."

"But why on earth," said the Colonel, beginning to wax indignant, "do they send such a museum relic here to fight a reasonably accurate and decidedly destructive mortar?"

The subaltern chuckled.

"That's not any museum antique," he said. "That's a Mortar, Trench, Mark Something or other—the latest, the most modern weapon of the kind in the British Army. It was made, I believe, in the Royal Arsenal, and it is still being made and issued for use in the field—the Engineers collecting the empty jam-pots and converting them to bombs. They've only had four or five months, y'see, to evolve a—— Look out, sir! Here's one of theirs!"

A Piece of Good Luck.

The resulting explosion flung a good deal of mud over the parapet on to the Colonel and the subaltern, and raised the youth to wrath.

"Beasts!" he said angrily, and poked a length of fuse in the touch-hole. "Get away round the traverse!" he ordered the mob near him. "And you'd better go, too, sir—as I will when I've touched her off. Y'see, she's just as liable to explode as not, and, if she does, she'd make more mess in this trench than I can ever hope she will in a German one."

The Colonel retired round the nearest traverse, and next moment the lieutenant plunged round after him just as the mortar went off with a resounding bang. Every man in the trench watched the bomb rise, twirling and twisting, and fall again, turning end over end towards the German trench.

At about the moment he judged it should burst the lieutenant poked his head up over the parapet, but bobbed down hurriedly as a couple of bullets sang past his ear.

"Pretty nippy lot across there!" he said. "I must find a loophole to observe from. And p'r'aps you'd tell some of your people to keep up a brisk fire on that parapet to stop 'em aiming too easy at me. Now we'll try another."

At the next bang from the opposite trench he risked another quick peep over, and this time ducked down with an exclamation of delight.

"I've spotted him," he said. "Just caught the haze of his smoke. Down the trench about fifty yards. So we'll try trail-left a piece—or would if this old drain-pipe had a trail."

A Brilliant Shot.

He relaid his mortar carefully, and fired again. Having no sights or arrangement whatever for laying beyond a general look over the line of its barrel and a pinch more or less of powder in the charge, it can only be called a piece of astounding good luck that the jam-pot bomb fell almost fairly on the top of the German mortar. There was a most satisfying uproar and eddying volume of smoke and eruption of earth, and the lieutenant stared through a loophole dumbfounded with delight.

"I'll swear," he said, "that our old Plum-and-Apple pot never made a burst that big. I do believe it must have flopped down on the other fellow and blown up one or two of his bombs same time. I say, isn't that the most gorgeous good luck? Well, good enough to go on with. We'll have a chance for some peaceful practice now!"

Apparently, since the other mortar ceased to fire, it must have been put out of action, and the lieutenant spent a useful hour pot-shotting at the other trench.

The shooting was, to say the least, erratic. With apparently the same charge and the same tilt on the mortar, one bomb would drop yards short and another yards over. If one in three went within three yards of the trench, if one in six fell in the trench, it was, according to the lieutenant, a high average, and as much as any man had a right to expect. But at the end of the hour the Asterisks, who had been hugely enjoying the performance, and particularly the cessation of German bombs, were horrified to hear a double report from the German trench, and to see two dark blobs fall twinkling from the sky.

The following hour was a nightmare. Their trench mortar was completely outshot. Those fiendish bombs rained down one after the other along the trench, burst in devastating circles of flame and smoke, and whirling metal here, there, and everywhere.

The lieutenant replied gallantly. A dozen times he had to shift position, because he was obviously located, and was being deliberately bombarded.

But at last the gunner officer had to retire from the contest. His mortar showed distinct signs of going to pieces—the muzzle-end having begun to split and crack, and the breech-end swelling in a dangerous-looking bulge.

"Look at her," said the lieutenant disgustedly. "Look at her opening out an' unfolding herself like a split-lipped ox-eyed daisy. Anyhow, this is my last bomb, so the performance must close down till we get some more jam-pots loaded up."

The enemy mortars were evidently of better make, for they continued to bombard the suffering Asterisks for another full hour. They did a fair amount of damage to the trench and parapet, and the Germans seized the opportunity of the Asterisks' attempted repairs to put in some maxim practice and a few rounds of shrapnel.

Where is the Report?

Altogether, the 7th King's Own Asterisks had a lively twenty-four hours of it, and their casualties were heavy, far beyond the average of an ordinary day's trench work. Forty-five they totalled in all—nine killed and thirty-six wounded.

They were relieved that night, this short spell being designed as a sort of introduction or breaking in or blooding to the game.

Taking it all round, the Asterisks were fully pleased with themselves. Their Colonel had complimented them on their behaviour, and they spent the next few days back in the reserve, speculating on what the papers would say about them. The optimists were positive they would have a full column at least.

"We beat off an attack," they said. "There's sure to be a bit in about that. And look at the way we were shelled, and our artillery shelled back. There was a pretty fair imitation of a first-class battle for a bit, and most likely there would have been one if we hadn't scuppered that attack. And don't forget the bombing we stuck out—and the casualties. Doesn't every one tell us they were extra heavy? And I believe we are about the first Terrier lot to be in a heavy 'do' in the forward trenches. You see—it'll be a column at least, and maybe two."

The pessimists declared that two or three paragraphs were all they could expect on account of the silly fashion of not publishing details of engagements. "And wh ever mention we do get," they said, "wo say a word about the K.O.A. It'll just a 'battalion,' or maybe 'a Territorial b tation,' and no more."

"Anyway," said the optimists, "we'll able to write home to our people and pals, and tell them it was us, though despatches don't mention us by name."

But optimists and pessimists alike grabb the papers that came to hand each day, searched eagerly for the Eye-Witness ports or the official despatch or comm niqué. At last there reached them paper with the communiqué dated the after their day in the trenches. They sta at it, and then hurried over the other pag turned back, and examined them caref one by one. There were columns columns about a strike and other par domestic matters at home, but not a w about the 7th King's Own Asterisks (Te torial), not a word about their nine de and thirty-six wounded—not a word; more than that, barely a word about Army, or the Front, or the War.

"There might be no b'oomin' war at to look at this paper," said one in disgu "There's plenty about speeding-up the f tories (an' it's about time they speeded someone to make something better'n drain-pipe or jam-pot bomb we saw), pl about those loafin' swine at home, but a bloomin' word about us 'ere. It ma me fair sick."

"P'r'aps there wasn't time to get it i suggested one of the most persistent o mists. "P'r'aps they'll have it in to-m row."

"P'r'aps," said the disgusted one temptuously, "an' p'r'aps not. Look the date of that despatch. Isn't that for day we was in the thick of it? An' l what it says. Don't that make you sick

And in truth it did make them "sic For their night and day of fighting—th defeat of an attack, their suffering u shell, bullet, and bomb, their nine ki and their thirty-six wounded—were all nored and passed by.

The despatch for that day said simply "On the Western Front there is nothing report. All remains quiet."

NEXT WEEK—

"A HYMN OF HATE"—A story which Mr Boyd Cable reveals the i possible humour of the Cockney sold This chapter is one of Mr Cable's bes

MISSING ENVELOPE HINDERS VON HAESLER'S ILL-FATED "DRIVE."

Hella Von Wamberg Takes Life of Traitor.

Written by an Englishman who previous to the war was an instructor in foreign languages at the Berlin War Academy, this Series of articles reveals inner secrets of the colossal German spy system, and makes startling revelations about the amazing activities of the women engaged on the German Army Spy Staff. The rights of publication of this Series have been specially secured for "The Post Sunday Special."

) be a spy is hard work, and so Hella Von Wamberg found it. In the hey- of her glory she often boasted, in those es where these things are spoken of, she was THE woman spy of Germany. , when her department has grown enor- sly, rivalling in importance even that of husband, Conrad Von Hertzenfels, she been compelled by force of circum- es to delegate most of her work, with- abdicating any of her authority.

ella is too valuable, too much a support the Central Empires, to be allowed to ger into countries where the discovery er real mission might lead to a long of imprisonment, if not to something e. She always had the flair of detecting t talent. In her methods of training shows the prowess of genius. She takes etty midinette in Paris, who up to the ing with Von Wamberg had thought greater crime than that of gay lovers. wo years' time the Parisian appears for urse of training sometimes in the offices he German General Consul in Liverpool Marseilles. In four years' time she ols some European capital.

Beautiful But Dangerous Women.

ella has thus gathered around her a rt of dangerous women—dangerous be- e they are mostly beautiful, always er, and always trained to the last de- of efficiency. Thus she has gained e whom she proudly terms her lieu- nts—the Spaniard Lisetta Mardillo, the arian Anna Schause, the Englishwoman Redfern, and the Franco-Belgian ntine Desbois, all of whom are known rnationally as the most skilful agents haunt those places where valuable in- ation may be obtained.

the season either one or the other may en on the Riviera, or at one or other he fashionable resorts. Not that they by any means dolls fit only to swagger ue clothing and worm secrets out of semi-intoxicated male worshipper.

have already told you that Hella Von mberg herself strangled a would-be Ger- traitor. Just as the captains of all Ger- steamers received sealed envelopes con- ing a decode for a portion of the Zeta er, enough to enable them to under- d the message that "Uncle Frederick is return at once," so was it with every ommaster in Germany.

is a matter that will give the War ls some trouble to explain, when the for explanations comes, why these code ages issued to the stationmasters were lled three times during the end of the 1913, and why the final envelope was d in April, 1914.

Guiltless Stationmaster Shot.

ese sealed orders are packed in a large lment envelope, liberally bespattered wax, and labelled "Nur im Falle des ges zu öffnen" ("Only to be opened in of war"). Inside this large outer en- e there is a small red linen cover con- ng full instructions as to the workings he railways and the guarding of strate- points. The recipient is responsible for envelope with his life.

casionally the reviser comes round er from Von Wamberg or Von Hertzen- Sometimes they are not checked for a th; in other cases, notably at Eydtkuh- on the Russian frontier, I have known n to be checked twice a day during the se of a full week.

ree days before the declaration of war control on the Alsatian railway system place, and one envelope was missing. trusively the French Belgian, and emburg borders were closed, and the e craft of the German spy system was on the scent. The stationmaster was less, but as he was unable to deliver which had been entrusted to him he with the usual death. Incidentally I t mention that the death sentence has rably been carried out even in peace with the result that many employees the State railways refuse to accept pro- ion with its dread responsibility.

was the night when I heard the Kaiser nce from his balcony that an ultima- tum had been sent to Russia requesting instant demobilisation. Down in Wilhelmstrasse and Leipzigerstrasse there was much flurry and scurry, for the missing envelope had not been found. Inside were the instructions that all trains were to be diverted to Rheinland at the disposal of the Commander of the district of Cologne. This was sufficient to show Germany's enemies that the blow was not through Alsace or Lorraine but through the gap of the Wallony into the heart of France. To Von Hertzenfels the duty had been delegated of guarding the frontier, and he was able to assure Von Falkenhayn, the Minister of War, that the documents were still in Germany.

Hella von Wamberg on Track of Missing Envelope.

With only twenty four hours at her disposal—for all her trained assistants had failed—Hella Von Wamberg and Grete Schnurmann travelled by special train to Alsace. Grete Schnurmann enjoys the reputation of being uncannily clever, but she is also hideously ugly. She never does any work outside the borders of the Empire, for there is no escape for her from dangerous recognition. She held the position of Examiner of Reports at the Spy Bureau, a post no less important than that of Von Wamberg.

In Trier the two women found their man disguised as a German priest, rubicund and merry. Behind them Germany was massing her troops for the glorious "drive" promised by Von Haesler, and the two women followed the traitor towards the border. Then they separated, Schnurmann stealing up to a guard-house of the frontier soldiers, while Hella drew closer to her quarry in the belt of trees that skirts Luxemburg.

Here she saw dimmed lights and heard whispers that were not German. She felt that now the traitor must be stopped. To shoot was but to attract attention; stabbing was unsafe and at best noisy work; and noise was fatal. There remained strangulation, and she tripped noiselessly over the moss-bedded ground until her hands encircled her victim's throat. Slowly but surely she strengthened her pressure, and with her knee against the man's spine she forced him down. When he reached the ground he was dead. While his accomplices were waiting but a few feet away she secured the invaluable envelope, and returned to Trier as unobtrusively as she had come.

Grete Schnurmann is also Zahlmeisterin (paymistress) of the Woman Spy Bureau in Germany, and it is said that she makes no hard slave-driver. Under Von Hertzenfels, who employs now only men, payment is by results.

In Hella von Wamberg's Web.

A much more elastic system prevails in that part of the espionage system directed by Von Wamberg. The beginner, during her initial stages in one or other of the European ports, receives a salary of 200 marks per month, approximately £10, in addition to which she is allowed to send in expense sheets, covering incidental outgoings, such as personal expenditure on dress and toilet articles.

It sounds laughable to hear ugly Schnurmann impressing on a novice the extreme importance of dress, and especially dainty underwear. "A woman will sell anything or anybody for beautiful lingerie," is one of her favourite expressions, and, though one would not believe it, I have heard on credible authority that this feminine love of soft and silky things was the cause of her own fall. Each woman-spy has an account open in the central book, in which she is debited with all the money remitted to her, and credited with the market value of all information obtained directly through her.

Before the war one might have taken up the Berliner Tageblatt or the Vossische Zeitung, or any one of the newspapers that cater for the taste of the educated middle-classes, and one should have read:—"Gesucht wird Privatsekretärin. Muss französisch und englisch beherrschen." Translated, this reads:—"A lady private secretary is required. Must have a thorough knowledge of French and English."

Sometimes the advertisement changed its form, but its essentials remained, and the address was always "Paul Müller, Bristol Hotel, Berlin." Sometimes he was a financier, sometimes patent agent, sometimes engineer, but, no matter how his profession changed, the fact remained that Paul Müller required a private secretary with a good knowledge of foreign languages.

Hella Von Wamberg had found that, while her "lady-detective" scheme was working exceedingly well, she just failed to entrap those who would have been of the greatest assistance to her, but who, through education and breeding, revolted at the idea of undertaking investigation work. She desired to recruit the girl who would be attracted by the prospect of working for a prominent and wealthy gentleman in the capacity of private secretary.

The result was that Herr Paul Müller, alias Prince Otto Hochberg, scion of a noble house, international criminal, and degraded officer, arrived at the Bristol Hotel, and began his dirty work of touting for victims to fill the maw of Hella. He was a man of engaging exterior and of a personality that he knew how to make charming. His rooms at the hotel were simply but expensively furnished, calculated favourably to impress the mind of a woman or girl who was longing for luxury.

Masquerading as Frau Muller.

Sometimes he masqueraded as a German-American, with large landed interests in the Empire. Sometimes he was a capitalist engaged in speculation on the Russian oilfields. Very few slipped through his hands of those whom he desired to win. He met them largely on the question of salary, and the women—already half-hypnotised by his rooms in the Bristol, which to the Berliner represents the last word in chic—were usually hustled into an ill-considered decision to undertake the work by Müller's off-hand remark, "I am now going for a month's holiday to the Riviera, and would require your services immediately," or "I am going to Switzerland for some winter sport." He would leave his victims to understand that they would have plenty of time in which to amuse themselves in these delectable places, as he himself would be

Barbara Krupp, another of Germany's super-women.

busily engaged with Frau Müller and his family, who had preceded him.

He went and he returned, but the "private secretary" stayed where he had left her. Probably she had fallen into the close grip of Hella Von Wamberg, who usually masqueraded as Frau Müller.

Hella Von Wamberg tried impartially all plans which offered a prospect of being able to ensure a steady roll of recruits. The work is wearing, and the losses are heavy. Since the second Balkan War the Continent has been overrun with plotters and counter-plotters, and many a beautiful assistant of Hella's is dressed in the grey garb of the convict.

Another Ingenious Trick.

I have spoken en passant of still another of the many tricks used by Hella Von Wamberg in her untiring efforts to ensure a regular flow of educated recruits for Germany's spy system, who, as I have heard, have proved most valuable helpmates.

The usual course was that instructions were issued to the German Consuls-General in fortified districts, such as, let us say, the Adriatic coast-line, to have inserted in a local literary journal, in such a manner as to leave no trace as to its authorship, the following advertisement:—

"Literary Agency desires the services of capable lady for descriptive Nature series. High rates paid for good material."

In the majority of cases there were several applicants who sent their letters to the box number indicated. A few days of anxious waiting for the would-be journalists, then came a letter from the editorial offices of the Wanderlust, in Berlin, a magazine that had its origin in the fertile brain of Hella Von Wamberg.

Latterly, when this trick flourished and succeeded beyond the dreams of its originators, Wanderlust (or "Travel Talk," as we would call it) was really published, but was supplied only against prepaid subscription. It was directed by a Fräulein Marthe Bergh, a Leipzigerin of Swedish descent.

I remember how, at the time when she was engaged with Prince Wilhelm zu Wied, over her signature in the Praktische Berlinerin, a woman's magazine of Berlin that is devoted to things feminine.

How the Victims Fared.

I have often read those letters sent out from the offices of the Wanderlust to the flies who were slowly but surely being drawn into the web. The usual form was that the chief editress believed that the applicant would be able to give satisfaction—the pseudo-ideals of Wanderlust were indicated—to teach the creed of out-of-doors and the close observation of Nature in all her aspects. The necessity of setting down the merest details was impressed on the authoress, and she was told of the sin of inexactitude.

Having thus been brought to a proper state of mind, she was requested to write a descriptive article on the beauties of the coast, let us say, between Ancona and Loreto, to be accompanied, if possible, by photographs or illustrations. As soon as this article was delivered and examined a cheque was forwarded to the writer, independent of the fact that in the majority of cases the information contained in it was of no value, and in every way the intended victim was flattered into the belief that here at hand lay an easy and honourable method of earning additional pin money.

I have watched this trick in operation in four countries, and always have I found that the applications were cleverly filtered and whittled down until only those ladies remained who, by reason of the positions of their families, would be able to help effectively the German system.

At the time of which I write Europe was in the throes of an activity in espionage hitherto unknown, and in every country suspected foreigners were carefully watched. It would have been dangerous and foolhardy for a German to have been found with pen and camera in certain districts, but who was to wonder when, as in several cases that came under my notice, the daughter of the local Chief of Police, or Magistrate, or doctor, bitten by the bug of literature, walked foolishly where no foreigner dare tread?

In most cases the victims were young girls just blossoming into womanhood after their years in high schools, and the proud parents were so lost in the admiration of the literary talents of their daughter that they were blinded to the fact that information was being disclosed which should be withheld.

A Terrible Domestic Tragedy.

In one case which I specifically remember, but concerning which I do not wish to speak at any length, the daughter of a junior officer delivered to the editress of Wanderlust a series of eighteen articles entitled "Life in a Frontier Fortress." At the end of the series everything was known to the German spy bureau.

The crash came when the secret police of the country arrested the officer's daughter on a charge of complicity in espionage. She was released, but two days later her father killed her and then shot himself.

In another case the daughter of a doctor living on the Adriatic coast sent a series of articles entitled "My Friend the Sea," in which she told of the configuration of the coast-line, detailed the near-by bases of her country's navy, spoke of the depths of water in the creeks at the different tides, and, in an attempt to prove some theory of geology, wrote of the shelving, sandy bottom.

The spot of which she wrote was found a few months ago to have been used as a supply base for German submarines.

You have all read reams of the wonderful exactitude of the war maps of the Great General Staff of the German Empire. So has this exactitude been obtained—the red lines that criss-cross, and the pale blue lines that show the rivers, are symbolical of the blood and tears of the young girls who supplied the necessary information. How many fortresses and how many towns have been delivered over to the Germans by young girls who were perhaps staunch patriots is known only to the German Great General Staff; but I can guess, and I must half admire the thoroughness and cleverness of the redoubtable Hella Von Wamberg, who, unfortunately, is still working.

Not so Marthe Berg. I have already told you that by reason of intense repressive measures undertaken in Russia Germany lost many of her chief spies. So that the Staff gave a sigh of delight when Marthe Berg offered her services.

She travelled as an old and infirm woman to a certain point of the sea coast, and travelled in company with her benevolent old doctor, who expatiated at great length on the necessity of travel and open air for his dear patient. They settled down in a fishing village that overlooked the North Sea. She and he made friends with the fishermen, as strangers will, and in the little village no one wondered that she went to bid them adieu when they departed at night on their arduous and dangerous mission.

So matters progressed for several months,

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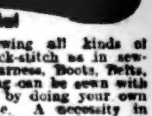

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Should be in *every* home—every 'good housewife' will take care it IS there!

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MISSING ENVELOPE—Continued.

and now and again the doctor made a journey to Holland on business relating to his practice.

Suddenly came the tragedy. Marthe was arrested, together with two fishermen. The old doctor escaped arrest by shooting himself.

Marthe received a sentence of ten years' imprisonment. The "old doctor" who died was Moritz Gundermann, ex-University student of Leipsig, and known to the secret services of all European countries.

NEXT WEEK—

The fate of a deluded actress—The long arm of Hella von Wamberg.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

NEUTRALS SURE OF ALLIES' TRIUMPH.

SCOTTISH SOLDIERS GO DEER-STALKING.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

GERMANY is in dire straits Of that there is no longer doubt. Our blockade, in spite of all that has been said, has brought the poorer classes to the verge of starvation. I have talked with one or two visitors from Germany, and they assure me that the reports we have been receiving are not exaggerated. Austria is in a worse condition than her Ally, and the Central Powers are at sixes and sevens with one another.

The neutrals I have met assure me on the other hand that everything they have seen over here convinces them that the victory is in our hands. They find us a changed people. Our united front, our spartan spirit and indomitable character, our determination to secure victory whatever the sacrifices may be, roused their wholehearted admiration.

Sir Douglas Haig's Popularity.

Although the rumours anent the Western Command were scotched at the start, very little attention was paid to the insinuation that alterations might be looked for in connection with the Western Command. The public have grown to regard Sir Douglas Haig as a tower of strength.

Idolised by the men under him, Haig is looked upon as the man who can be relied upon to lead the way to victory and crush the Prussian bid for world domination. With the French officers he is most popular, and when he and General Neville visited London together it was remarked by all who saw them that the cordial relations and the mutual trust which were manifested between them were eloquent auguries for the work which France and Britain will carry out side by side when the moment is ripe.

The New Duke of Atholl.

The Marquis of Tullibardine, who succeeds to the Atholl title, is one of the most popular of the Scottish nobility in London society and in political societies. His figure in the lobby at Westminster was a familiar one, and it is safe to say that in all matters affecting the welfare of Scotland no one took a greater interest. I have met him frequently in connection with the affairs of the Royal Scottish Corporation, the Highland Society, and the Royal Caledonian Schools at Bushey, and can testify to the excellent work he has done in keeping alive the traditions which have animated these excellent organisations in the Metropolis.

He was well-known as the organiser of the Royal Caledonian Ball, a society function which yielded thousands of pounds to the two last-mentioned charities. His work in Egypt, in South Arica, with the Scottish Horse, and in Gallipoli is well known, and what West Perthshire, his constituency, owes to his ardent labours need not be dwelt on here.

The Embargo On Canadian Cattle.

I notice that Mr Moffat, for many years general manager of the Great North of Scotland Railway, and at present resident in London, has been talking to a London pressman on the subject of the embargo on Canadian cattle.

For many years, as is well known, agriculturists have been moving to get the embargo removed, and the view is strongly expressed that the Government might think out some scheme in connection with the incoming of store cattle which would increase our supplies of beef.

Mr Moffat has an idea which Londoners think ought to receive the attention of Mr Prothero, Lord Devonport, and others. He suggests that the cattle should be imported to one of the isles on the West Coast of Scotland, where they could be kept in strict quarantine until it was safe to send them over to the mainland. There are many isles there which are admirably suited for the purpose.

Soldiers Going Deer-Shooting.

There is nothing new in the idea of sending soldiers from the Scottish Command to shoot off the deer. Last year several parties left their regiments on leave to journey North, although they went at the invitation of the owners of the forests instead of the Scottish Board of Agriculture.

Among those whom I saw off at King's Cross was a party of Kentish and Surrey farmers' sons, who travelled at the invitation of one of their officers, a well-known Scottish nobleman. Most of them were keen sportsmen, who had never shot anything bigger than a hare in their lives, and, as there were no restrictions placed on them, they confessed on their return that they had had the time of their lives.

In the London clubs elderly men whom the army will not have are talking enthusiastically of offering their services to the Scottish Board. "We will have a chance of getting a stag or two now," said the club man to me. "Up till now, thanks to your artful ghillies, it has been a sovereign to see one, two to shoot and miss him, and a fiver to bag him."

THE NEW RAIDER AND THE OLD MOEWE.

MYSTERY OF GERMAN SUBMARINE LINER—ASTONISHING FACTS ABOUT SUNKEN SHIP.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

ALMOST exactly a year after the dramatic appearance of the famous commerce-raider Moewe, another armed and disguised German corsair has manifested herself, and again in the Atlantic Ocean. On December 8 last the Admiralty issued a laconic statement that a new German raider had been sighted in the Atlantic four days previously. To this a brief remark was added—"No further information has been received as to her further proceedings."

Two or three weeks elapsed without any more information being added to this curt and official communication. The hope was engendered that the new Hun privateer had been destroyed before she had created any mischief on the trade routes. An impression sprang up that the naval authorities had only announced half the facts. It was true the appearance of the Moewe No. 2 had been made public, but some people believed the Admiralty had concealed the almost immediate destruction of the hostile ship.

All this is not so unreasonable when we recollect the Admiralty studiously withheld the sinking of the Greif from public knowledge, and only announced the fact after the enemy had obtained fairly full details of the fatal duel between the Greif and Alcantara. Again, it is generally understood the naval authorities could give a very good explanation for the Bremen's disappearance. But until the enemy gets hold of and publishes the facts about the Bremen (and certain other kindred episodes), the Admiralty will maintain its role as the Sphinx of Whitehall, and leave the enemy guessing at the truth.

Repeating the Stratagems of the Moewe.

All hopes of the new raider's early decease were rudely dispelled by the official news that she had secured a large number of victims. In shipping circles it had been known for some time past that certain steamers were missing. These boats were all on the Atlantic trade routes, and remote from the hunting-grounds of the U boats. It was suspected they had shared the fate of the Appam and Clan M'Tavish. The appearance of the Japanese Hudson Maru at Pernambuco confirmed these forebodings. Certain other steamers have been posted at Lloyd's as missing or overdue, but it cannot be told at present whether they have been the victims of U boats, the new raider, or storms.

There is little novelty in this new German coup on the seas, which simply repeats all the stratagems of the Moewe. For all we know the commerce-destroyer may be the original Moewe herself, engaged on a new cruise under Count and Burgrave von Donah Schlodien.

One suspects she escaped from the North Sea in one of the bad gales of last November or December. She was sighted on December 4, and about the 8th a general warning was issued to all shipping of her presence in the Atlantic.

Nevertheless, she seems to have started her career about December 12, and within one month she sank or captured thirteen vessels with a total gross tonnage of 69,563 tons. The Moewe's total "bag" was fifteen ships, but the aggregate tonnage was considerably less, namely, 57,835 tons. The Appam was the Moewe's biggest capture, but the new raider has increased her tonnage returns by the destruction of the White Star Georgic and C.P.R. Mount Temple, both steamers of about 10,000 tons apiece.

It may be as well to recall a few details of the original Moewe, whose name simply means "Seagull" in English, and is pronounced "Mervy." Much uncertainty exists as to her characteristics, because the only evidence available is the testimony of the Appam's passengers and the crews of the ships she destroyed.

She appears to have been a fruit-carrier, intended for the South American trade, and originally named Ponga. Estimates of her tonnage varied widely, some people rating her as low as 4000 tons and others as high as 8000 tons. She carried six or eight guns, but there is no agreement as to their calibre. The general idea is, she had guns of 6.7 and 5.9 inch bore, one or two maxims, and two or four torpedo tubes. She certainly carried mines in addition.

Will the Ocean Pest Get Home?

From the fact that she trapped her victims through her neutral disguise, it was conjectured she was not a fast ship. She was evidently compelled to coax her victims within reach on account of her inability to chase other ships with success. Her crew was very large, for she had to supply prize crews to two or three of her captives. A similar vessel, the sunken Greif, had a total complement of 321 officers and men. The new raider is probably a vessel of a similar type to the Moewe.

The latest oceanic pest has evidently been carrying on her depredations in the mid-Atlantic, and appears to have been near the island of Fernando di Noroha, off the Brazilian coast, a locality to which nearly all the German Atlantic raiders seem to resort in their cruises. All the three captured steamers, used as "receiving ships" for the crews of destroyed vessels, were evidently sent to distant ports under the charge of prize crews. The Appam, it will be remembered, was captured off the north-west African coast and sent across the Atlantic to the United States. This expedient secures the greatest margin of time for the raiders to "cover their tracks" and get a long start of any possible pursuit.

We do not know if the raider is still on the wrong side of the North Sea door, as represented by the Grand Fleet. She may live on her prizes for a little time, but when those fail she must either resort to a neutral port for provisions or coal, or else make her way back to a German or Austrian port. The Moewe chose the latter course.

The new raider may also attempt to run the blockade to get home. Unless she has recourse to some far-distant port for supplies, her appearance in any neutral harbour will at once attract hostile warships to her. Once a raider of this species is run to earth, it is heavy odds against her ever getting to work again.

If hostile warships are waiting for her outside the three-mile zone it is a case of fighting or being interned. Perhaps the most unexpected finale the new raider could achieve would be to scuttle herself, as the Meteor did, while her crew might be returned to Germany in the prizes or in U boats. But the living accommodation in submarines is so limited it would take between fifty and a hundred U boats to absorb the crew of three hundred officers and men carried in a Moewe raider.

There is no harm in saying now that all kinds of extraordinary rumours were current last April and May about the Moewe. I was told in one dockyard town that this ship had really been sunk off the Scottish or Irish coast by a British cruiser. The German joybells and the captain's narrative of the cruise was explained away as a gigantic hoax, perpetrated by the German Government on the Huns at home to create the impression that the Moewe had really returned. Presumably the famous cobbler of Kopenick was hired (at an enormous salary) to act the part of her captain, Count von Donah Schlodien. It was a pretty tall story, but, considering we only had the tarnished veracity of the German Admiralty to rely on for the Moewe's return, no one could (or can even now) contradict this yarn with positive assurance.

A Converted Prize.

A message received from Rio de Janeiro on Friday morning says the new German raider has converted one of her prizes into a commerce-destroyer like herself. The selected ship is said to be the British St Theodore, of 5000 tons. This method of multiplying corsairs from a single parent ship was fully discussed in these columns at the time when the Moewe first appeared in the Atlantic.

The Germans need not be credited with any ingenuity in this matter. During the American Civil War the famous commerce-destroyer Alabama armed a few of her prizes with one gun and a few dummy weapons. But none of the satellite ships ever created a fraction of the havoc to shipping that the Alabama did.

This "snowball" system of converting captured steamers cannot be carried on to indefinite lengths. After many centuries of naval warfare, we have found that the sure (but slow) antidote to oceanic commerce-raiding consists in cutting off all supplies and stopping all the "earths" where raiders could take refuge or procure stores So long as the surface raiders are kept in the open and mercilessly hunted, they must eventually be starved into extinction.

Nauseating Hunnish Cant.

Germany's recent attempt to end the war "for the sake of suffering humanity" has rightly been judged as a piece of sheer and unmitigated hypocrisy. It is not the first example of its kind. While allowing themselves a complete and bestial license in using unlawful methods of fighting, the Germans have many times attempted to deprive the Allies of their right to the legitimate and recognised ruses of warfare. To quote one instance, the Huns howled with glee at the successes of the Moewe in her disguise as a Norwegian steamer. But when U41 was destroyed by a British steamer, disguised as a neutral vessel, Berlin called the whole world to witness our infamous perfidy.

The latest exposition of Hunnish cant is even more nauseating. We know the Huns are threatening to torpedo all shipping at sight if we carry out any complete system of arming mercantile vessels for defensive purposes. They say our ships will be converted into men-of-war, and the U boats will be perfectly justified in waging a ruthless war against "these franc-tireurs of the seas," and all the rest of it. Which is all hot air and "holy fury."

What the Huns have hidden is the damning fact that they themselves have armed their own Baltic shipping as a protection against British and Russian submarines The captains of Danish and Swedish steamers have recently brought this information to our East Coast.

It is vital that Germany should keep up her imports of food and ores from Sweden. But the successful exertions of our E boats in the Baltic practically stopped all traffic by sea, and created a very serious situation. The Germans got to work at once, and armed one-third of their steamers,-and also provided the necessary gun-crews for the armed vessels. Their motive in equipping only one ship in three with guns was rather ingenious. A British submarine commander could never be sure what he was tackling. He might be taking on one of the unarmed ships, but there was always the risk he might be looking for trouble from the one armed "porcupine" in the three! Our E boats never sank shipping at sight, but invariably boarded and examined vessels. Coming to the surface in the neighbourhood of an armed steamer is a dangerous chance for submarines, but the E boats had to take the risk. If the ship was armed, the British submarine had to extricate herself as best she could.

All this sanctimonious squealing by the Huns over British armed liners can, therefore, be treated as a compound of cant and "neutral eyewash." It is simply sham horror, sheer hypocrisy, and an attempt to find some convenient excuse to justify the renovation of piratical infamies on the high seas.

The Deutchland Mystery.

In much the same way we are being treated just at present to more mystification about the submarine liner Deutschland. The commercial U boat is said to have vanished on her return voyage to Germany last December. On the other hand, it is said she left a North Sea port a little time before Christmas, carrying a fairly large cargo of mails, and may arrive in America at any time now.

For the sake of our own sanity and peace of mind, one almost hopes the Deutschland will keep up her regular passage to and fro across the Atlantic. Anything would be more preferable than an unending series of rumours and counter-rumours, such as those we were subjected to over the Bremen.

In the United States all the novelty in this submarine ferrying of merchandise has long since worn away. When the exploit was quite fresh and good for a column's reading, the Americans arrived at the wise verdict that it was a freak "stunt," and devoid of any permanent or real utility. A friend of mine who was in the States recently came across one of the Deutschland's crew, and the Hun had a most dismal tale to tell. Half the crew were continually and vehemently seasick, while the living conditions were abominable beyond belief. The interior of the submarine is so intensely damp everything becomes mildewed, and rheumatic fever can be contracted in record time. Only tinned or preserved provisions will keep in such a mouldy atmosphere.

As for building these submarine liners for ourselves as meat or food carriers, one person has caustically conjectured that the sanitary authorities would bury or burn the cargoes immediately they were unshipped at any British wharves. For carrying perishable goods Deutschlands appear to be worthless. Each voyage appears to be divided up between blind scares from British destroyers and patrol craft, followed by long spells of utter boredom or mal-de-mer.

In addition to the current mercantile casualties of the week a whole series of warship calamities have been known during the past seven days. Some of these misfortunes occurred at the end of last year, but have only just come to light. For instance, the loss of the Italian battleship Regina Margherita by striking two mines took place over a month ago, but even the most stringent Italian censorship (which is ten times more severe than our own) failed to conceal the news from the enemy's knowledge.

Further Light on the Dogger Bank Battle.

The press paid little attention to the fact that this week, the Dogger Bank naval battle had come into the Prize Court for the award of prize bounty to the British ships which took part in the battle. The only enemy vessel claimed for was the German cruiser Blucher, but it was significantly remarked that, at some future date, further claims might be presented for other German warships destroyed in this battle.

The case furnished us with the first full list of the British ships which participated in the fight, particularly as regards the smaller vessels. We knew already that the battle-cruisers Lion, Princess Royal, Tiger, New Zealand, and Indefatigable were present. But a complete list of the light cruisers and destroyers had never been made public hitherto. There were four "Town" cruisers—Southampton, Nottingham, Birmingham, and Lowestoft—engaged, while three other light cruisers—Arethusa, Aurora, and Undaunted—appear to have acted with thirty-four British destroyers, comprised by seven vessels of the "M" class, twelve of the "L" group, and fifteen of the "I" boats.

The Blucher's crew was taken as 1050 officers and men, and this shows she was manned by 162 more officers and men than her normal peace complement of 888. The conversion of a warship to a flagship may add twenty or thirty to the normal crew, but an increase of 162, or about 20 per cent., such as that given for the Blucher, is rather astonishing.

One wonders what all these additional men were doing on board at the time, a very interesting but too wide a field for speculation just at present. Suffice it to say the Blucher, of 15,500 tons, was carrying as big a crew as our Tiger, of 28,500 tons, does in times of peace.

At the fixed rate of £5 per man of the crew in the sunken hostile ship, the Blucher bounty works out at £5250. It looks a pretty big sum until one recollects it must be divided amongst the eleven thousand British officers and men who took part in the fight. On rough-and-ready reckoning, the average sum received by our seamen for their part in this important fight will be something like ten shillings all round! One is inclined to comment strongly and sarcastically on the liberal way the nation rewards the Senior Service.

On the other hand, had the Blucher been outed by a British submarine, manned by twenty officers and men, the same sum would have been awarded for division, but a share-out among twenty is more satisfactory than a division between eleven thousand! Of the ships which took part in the Dogger Bank Battle, the Indefatigable, Nottingham, Arethusa, and Louis have since been sunk, but the prize bounty is nevertheless distributed to the survivors or to the next-of-kin to those who lost their lives in these men-of-war, provided their lives in these men-of-war.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

Chief Weapons of Victory.

The big gun and the big shell will be the chief weapons of victory. Give Sir Douglas Haig the strong hitting power of shell which he has a right to expect from a nation that has thrown everything into the crucible of war, and he will see that the man-power, at whatever strength it may be, will not fail.—Weekly News.

Kaiser as Seer.

To our submarines is reserved the glory of encompassing England's downfall, and, when that is at last accomplished, the German nation will hail in tones of unspeakable jubilation its Kaiser, to whose far-sighted view it was clear from the very first that "Germany's future lies on the waters."—Leipzig Neueste Nachrichten.

Germany's Plight.

The enemy cannot adopt a general defensive. It is forbidden him, because he has deliberately sacrificed what would have been such an ultimate defensive strength to hazardous and inconclusive offensive movements. He has reduced his defensive power to the last limits everywhere, and has organised his surplus or margin of power to strike with, and has used it recklessly in the striking.—Mr Hilaire Belloc, in Land and Water.

If Lies Were Weapons.

If our enemies, and particularly the English, were able to beat us with words and to force us to our knees with lies, they would long since have achieved that object, because in their methods of warfare they are beating every possible record. Thanks be to God, however, the actual state of things is very different from the conditions which the lie-mongers of the English press would make the world believe.—Dusseldorfer Anzeiger.

National Service—The Only Way.

The Director-General of National Service, if he is to make a success of his task, must press the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as soon as the new Loan has been applied for, to abstract from our incomes, by properly-graduated taxation, a further £200,000,000. This would, by reducing private expenditure on things that could be dispensed with (leaving us free to say which), automatically place a million or more men and women at the disposal of the indispensable industries. It is the only way.—The New Statesman.

Nearing the End.

The war swells to its grand diapason. Its fury cannot be prolonged; it is too dreadful, too mad, to be worth the forethought and skill that are daily spent on it. But one cannot but feel that if the strategy and tactics are good, if there is a sufficiency of well-trained men and material, if there is no diversion of force from the great war-theatre to the small, and if the politicians do not set the soldiers tasks impossible of fulfilment—the German land-war machine can hardly last much longer, even in its present seeming integrity.—The Nation.

Playing the Enemy's Game.

We pay the farmers the compliment of believing that, come what may, they will do their duty. Nothing but contempt can be expressed for those few persons who have it in their power to grow more food, yet write to the newspapers to say that they will not do it. These men, who call themselves Englishmen, but act as though they were not, would have nothing to complain of if they were sent to Coventry by their neighbours. They are playing the enemy's game.—The Spectator.

The Civilians' Somme—The Loan.

The Loan is the great test of staying power. It is the Somme of the civilian. The army has already shown that it deserves victory, and can, humanly speaking, command it in due time. The nation has now the opportunity of proving itself not unworthy of the sacrifices of the French battlefields. If, in the vulgar phrase, money talks, it is only because the "crooked cipher" which represents a million will also in this case represent the virtue, energy, and unconquerable resolve that resides in the British people.—The Saturday Review.

Prospect of a General Election.

A renewal of activity in both the Unionist and Liberal Associations lends some force to the anticipations that a general election may be one of the political events of the early spring. Indeed, some time in March is confidently mentioned in some circles which are in touch with authoritative information. The justification for an early appeal to the country would be found in the tactics of Mr Asquith's henchmen, who have shown no delicacy in spreading their insinuations that the fall of their idol was the result of a shabby conspiracy, backed by a section of the press, and connived at by his successor in the Premiership. These dark accusations can best be met by asking the electors to give a mandate to the new Administration.—The

MOST TRYING WEEKS OF THE WAR.

NEW BRITISH OFFENSIVE WILL CONTINUE TILL GERMAN LINE BREAKS.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

O very useful purpose is to be served by considering in detail such minor rations as have taken place during the few days in the different theatres of the r. If we except Roumania these opera- ns have for the most part been local in ir scope, and though, as will be shown in moment, they are designed to serve a eral purpose, they ought not to be mag- ed into important operations.

We are, in fact, passing through the most ng weeks of the war. But tedious as is period of waiting to those who watch nts from afar, it is well to remember t these last few weeks have been in- tely more trying to the splendid men o are holding the battle line along the sterr front.

uch improvement of the winter conditions experience has suggested could not essarily be extended to the Somme sector, ere our men are now occupying the hastily rganised trenches formerly held by the my, and situated on ground every yard which was broken up into shell holes and e craters by the terrific bombardment of late summer. Happily the conditions ri our own men have to endure we are icting on the enemy also by the artillery mbardment we have been conducting all ough the winter.

But the main preoccupations of the war at moment continues to be those of prepar- for the great offensive of the spring and mmer, and of ensuring closer co-ordina- n of the efforts of the Allies. As to this t it is permissible to say that much pro- ss has been made.

We are nearer now than we have been at any time during the war to the realisation of that ideal of single front which everyone has advocated. And when we speak of single front the allu- sion, of course, is to all theatres of the war.

Co-ordination in the West was an aim ich it was relatively easy to achieve. It not so simple to secure this co-ordination tween the Western front and a front far moved from it like the line held by the ssians in the East.

The shrewd eye of Lord Kitchener de- ted this weakness when he set out on his gically fatal journey to Russia. But the iculties which Lord Kitchener discerned difficulties to which Mr Lloyd George d the present War Cabinet are also fully e. Evidence of this ought to be forth- ning very soon, and the arrangements ich are being made bode well for simul- eous offensives on all the fronts during coming summer.

o far as the Western front is concerned is now officially announced that there is foundation for the rumours that were rent in London towards the end of the k that General Neville was to take over supreme command. The case for and inst the continuance of the dual com- nd in France was dealt with in some de- in this column last week, and it is not cessary, therefore, to go into the matter sh.

Harassing the Enemy.

Weather conditions at the moment im- e a lull on practically all the fighting nts. In the West it is comparative only, though infantry action is confined to dly little raids, designed to serve the ble object of harassing the enemy, test- his line and destroying his local de- es, the artillery bombardment continues along the front. Shells are being poured on the enemy which destroy his nches, break up his wire entanglements, shatter the nerves of the German diery lurking in the dark, unhealthy re- es of their dugouts

ll this will tell in our favour when the e for the spring offensive arrives. In- ntally it adds to the wastage of the my forces. In some sectors the Ger- ns apparently are seeking to minimise wastage by virtually denuding their nt trenches of men.

his is a probable explanation of the curious erience of one of our raiding parties re- ly when three lines of German trenches e found practically deserted and our simply went in and destroyed dug- and earthworks without molestation.

s not wise perhaps to attach too much portance to incidents of this kind. rtheless it is clear that these winter rations are imposing a tremendous in on the enemy.

nd all the time while we are whistling a wind and praying for the ground to up so as to permit of the movement of ntry and heavy guns, preparations on gantic scale are being made behind our s for operations unequalled by anything witnessed in the war. No doubt the may be said of the Germans opposed us. It is known that they are making rish efforts to overtake the supremacy have established in the air and in the ter of heavy guns and munitions.

ut a supremacy of this kind, once it is blished, is not easily wrested from the that holds it. And there is one par- lar in which the Germans have lost an antage which they can never regain. armies they are able to put in the field now inferior alike in numbers, training, ipment and morale to those of the ente Powers.

Duration of the War.

Happily the nation is under no illusions to the nature of the task which lies be- it. London is still subject to recur- t waves of optimism and pessimism, the one being generally as unjustified as the other. But there are evidences that the country as a whole takes a perfectly sane view of the military position.

Even talk of "Victory in 1917" has not had the effect which might have been feared of engendering an undue confidence which may not be realised. Everyone hopes that Mr Lloyd George may be right, and, unless all the promise of the moment turns out to be illusory, 1917 ought unquestionably to provide something in the nature of a military decision.

But even if the best happens, and the Germans are beaten in the sight of all the world, and recognise themselves that they are beaten, before the summer draws to a close, the peace terms of the Allies as outlined in their Note to President Wilson will not readily be accepted in Berlin. To that extent the theory that the enemy may "take the winter to think it over" finds much acceptance in what may be described as official circles in London.

The possibility of this is one which ought steadfastly to be borne in mind. Because it has to be remembered that by the autumn of this year Germany will temporarily have got over the worst of her food troubles. A fresh crop of potatoes will have become available, and the unfortunate people whom she has enslaved will be busy in the fields getting in the harvests of 1917.

At the worst, therefore, she will have enough food to carry on with until the spring and early summer of 1918, unless her resources should prove inadequate to last her through the coming summer. And this last is a possibility which no one ought to count upon, even though a great portion of the grain resources of Roumania were destroyed before they fell into the enemy's hands.

This brings us back once more to the axiom laid down by all the leading authorities that it is the military and not the economic factor which must determine the end of the war. And evidence accumulates that it is on the Western front that that military decision is to be sought.

German Preparations in the West.

Already we hear from various neutral sources that the Germans are beginning to mass big forces in the West. Presumably some of these reserves have been withdrawn from the Roumanian theatre of war. But Von Hindenburg will be getting reinforcements also from men of the latest class called to the colours, as well as of men who have had opportunity during the winter of having their wounds patched up to fit them to take their place once more in the fighting line.

Whilst reports from neutral sources always have to be received with some reserve, it is not without significance that the enemy's main concentration appears to be in the northern sectors of the Western front.

Everyone recognises, of course, that these preparations are defensive rather than offensive in character. The Germans have attempted no serious offensive against the British line since their reverse at Ypres, and they are not likely to attempt anything of the kind now when our position is infinitely stronger than it was in those earlier months of the war, and when even the newspapers had been allowed to announce that the forces under Sir Douglas Haig's command number something between a million and three-quarters to two million men.

One, who is perhaps the ablest, and certainly the best informed of the military writers in this country, has been at pains to point out that these figures are illusory, since it is not the total that counts, but the number of bayonets which a force is able to put into its fighting line.

But this is a contention which applies equally to the enemy, and unless the organisation of our armies is radically bad and defective, even total figures must be regarded as vital for the purposes of a comparison of the relative strength of opposing armies. If there is a wastage of man-power behind our lines, the sooner that wastage is accounted for the better.

Simultaneous Offences.

Many people are asking how we are to reconcile simultaneous action with the widely divergent weather conditions on the Eastern and the Western front. The spring in France comes several weeks earlier than it does in Russia, where the disappearance of the snows is followed by a long period during which the ground is waterlogged, and the movement of armies is an impossibility.

But it has to be remembered that offensive operations in the West react on the East weeks after they have taken place. Armies cannot be flung across the Continent of Europe like pieces on a chessboard, and anything which takes place on the Western front during the early spring must tend to simplify operations for our Russian comrades when weather conditions permit of their armies also being put in motion.

It would be different, of course, if, through shortage of munitions or other causes, the Allied offensive in the West were likely to be an affair of brief duration. In that case the Germans, having resisted the menace in France, might double back to meet the Russian menace in the East, as they have done more than once already in the course of the war.

But the Allied offensive in the West in 1917 will not be any mere flash in the pan. It will go on steadily and continuously until the German line breaks, and for the first time since August, 1914, we shall see the enemy deprived of the advantage of his interior lines.

FAMILY'S TRAGIC DISCOVERY

ON RETURNING FROM PICTURE HOUSE.

MYSTERY OF CRIME IN POLICE SERGEANT'S HOME.

Belfast, Saturday.

Jealousy without any foundation is stated to have been the direct cause of a terrible crime that has been enacted in Belfast. Peculiar interest is attached to the affair, because of the fact that the victim, Mrs Crawford, who resided at 107 Fortwilliam Parade, Belfast, was the wife of a sergeant in the Royal Irish Constabulary.

The four children of poor Mrs Crawford, had gone to enjoy themselves at a picture house, and on returning from this place of entertainment it was their terrible lot to find both their father and mother lying in a pool of blood on the kitchen floor. The children screamed hysterically on making the discovery, and their agonised yells attracted the attention of a tram conductor named Robert Glover, who, having seen the awful spectacle for himself, at once communicated with the police.

Both Sergeant Crawford and his wife were suffering from fearful gashes to their throats, while a razor lay between them on the floor. The curious part of the sad affair is that there was not the slightest trace of a struggle of any kind, not a hair of the poor woman's head being out of place.

Medical assistance was at once summoned, but before the Mater Hospital was reached Mrs Crawford had breathed her last, while her husband was in an extremely critical condition. After admission he rallied somewhat, and the doctors now entertain hope as to his ultimate recovery.

Children's Pitiable Plight.

The plight of the little children who made the shocking discovery was pitiable in the extreme. Neighbours very kindly took charge of them, but naturally under the sad circumstances the children, whose ages range from three to fifteen years, could not be comforted despite the attention of the kind-hearted neighbours, who were greatly distressed at the terrible affair.

The writer was well acquainted with Sergeant Crawford, than whom no more courteous officer ever entered the Police Court in Belfast. He was of the most genial character, and had a cheery word for everyone. On the day of the tragedy he carried out his duties as dock sergeant in his customary fashion. Little did the other Court officials think that before the Court assembled again the genial sergeant would be involved in one of the saddest crimes that have been recorded in the city of Belfast for a considerable time.

Since the tragedy I have spoken to several of the sergeant's colleagues, who are absolutely dumbfounded by the affair. Such comments as "Poor Crawford was the last man in the world that you would associate with such an affair" are heard on every hand. One of the policemen said to me—"The sergeant could not possibly have brooded over this thing, because on the very day of the tragedy he was working with an old coat on at the garden plot, and at that time, just a few hours before the death of his wife, was in the best of spirits. There is some mystery behind it that will be very interesting if it comes out."

The Motive of the Crime.

When in the hospital the sergeant made a statement which cannot be divulged at the moment, but which will come to light in due course. The statement concerns the motive of the crime, and when made public will be of a sensational character and will at the same time set at rest several unfounded rumours that have gained currency.

Several of his colleagues state that they were aware of domestic trouble in the Crawford household. As a matter of fact, quite recently Mrs Crawford sent in a complaint to his superiors about her husband's conduct. They, however, took no official notice of the matter, as they all looked on the sergeant as a man of excellent character, a theory that is supported by all who knew him.

MILITARY CROSS FOR GREENOCK OFFICER

Second-Lieutenant Eric N. M'Naught, at present a patient in Yorkhill Hospital, has just been informed that he has won the Military Cross. Mr M'Naught is a native of Greenock, and at the outbreak of war was fruit-farming in Canada. Like thousands more of the hardy sons of Scotland, he rallied to the colours, and came over with one of the Canadian contingents.

IN STARVING GERMANY.

HURLFORD FAMILY'S EXPERIENCES.

"HUNGER NOW THE GREATEST ENEMY."

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

Hurlford, Saturday.

Germany is starving. The gaunt spectre of Famine stalks through the land. Slender and unpalatable dieting has wrought marked changes in the physical appearance of the people, and war weariness and despondency is reflected everywhere.

Thus, in brief, are summed up the impressions of Miss Helen Foster, a young Hurlford woman, who has just returned from Dusseldorf, where she had been residing with her mother since the outbreak of war.

Miss Foster is the daughter of William Foster, an Irishman, who for thirteen years before hostilities had been employed with an English pottery firm in the famous Rhine city. He is now in the internment camp at Ruhleben, but his wife and eight children have been permitted to return to Scotland. They are now in residence in Hurlford, and they are hopeful that Mr Foster, who is beyond military age, will in a short time be released and repatriated.

"Our allowance of bread was half a pound per day," said Miss Foster. "That is a couple of slices—and, oh, how frightfully unpalatable German war bread is. I can assure you that words cannot express our delight at being back again in Scotland, which to us, after two and a half years of semi-starvation, appears as a land flowing with milk and honey."

A People Daily Growing Thin.

The effect of the starvation rations, Miss Foster went on to explain, was making itself evident in many ways. It was pitiful to have the little children, with their woefully pinched, tear-stained faces, appealing for bread, when there was none to give them.

"A dear young sister died four weeks before we left Germany, and I attribute her death solely to the scarcity of real nourishing food essential to sick people.

"The German people are daily growing thin and haggard, but they scarcely complain. The German women always think of the men in the trenches, and they say, 'We must bear up and sacrifice ourselves for their sakes.'

"The blockade is doing its work, there is no doubt about that," Miss Foster went on. "They may hunger us, but they won't beat our armies." That is a phrase I heard time and again.

Fantastic Stories About Britain's Plight.

"And, of course, their great consolation is that they believe that conditions in the Allied countries are equally as bad. The most fantastic stories are told about the starvation in Britain, for which of course, the ever-blessed U boats get all the praise and glory.

"To the liberty-loving Britisher the docility of the German people is remarkable. In Dusseldorf there was never any rioting among the woman folks—as may have occurred in other parts of Germany. Our meat allowance—two pounds per week for our family of eight!—was distributed on the Saturday, and I have stood in the very orderly queues outside the butchers' shops, and wondered often at those haggard careworn women in mourning. Depressed they were, and sorrow-laden, too, but their childlike faith in their rulers and in Germany's ability to win against all odds was reflected in their every mood and conversation. 'It is not for us to complain,' they would say, 'when we think of the men who are fighting for us.' I scarcely think that British women could, in similar circumstances, so deceive themselves.

Inexorable Facts.

"Yet, although the papers announce great victories daily, a marked change has come over the people. They know that they are faced with starvation, which brilliant campaigns do nothing to avert. Whatever they may think of the Somme and of Verdun, and of the Allies' military prospects, the inexorable facts of their daily existence demonstrates that hunger may at last compel them to acknowledge defeat.

"The flag-wagging and bell-ringing which in Dusseldorf, as in other parts of Germany, accompanied the news of the sinking of the Lusitania and the battle of Jutland is nowadays a thing of the past. Of premature rejoicing Germany has had its fill. What is the food of victories that cannot replenish the cupboard? So in their quiet, docile way the German housewives have been reasoning it out of late."

Miss Foster has many pleasant recollections of her German neighbours, who, to their credit be it said, were invariably kind to her family. Up till the day of departure the children attended school, where they were given all the privileges of the ordinary German pupil.

Children No Longer Hungry.

Just how glad the family are to be back in Scotland again—Mrs Foster is a native of Hurlford, where Miss Foster was also born—would be difficult to express. The bairns speak German better than their mother's language, and they yearn sometimes for their little German playmates, but—they get plenty to eat now, which is far, far better.

I questioned one of Miss Foster's brothers, a boy of about six. He can scarcely speak English, and his sister had to act as interpreter when I cross-examined him playfully. In this way he told me he didn't want to go back to Germany.

"You get plenty of good food, here, eh?"

That query required no translation. The little fellow's face lit up with joy as well as understanding, and when I took my departure he was still nodding his head most vigorously in the affirmative.

MYSTERY OF DEAD AUTHORESS.

ROMANTIC STORY OF CHRISTINE FIELD

AND HER REMARKABLE BOOK "HALF A GIPSY."

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday.

Who was Christine Field?

The mystery, which is animating literary London, is not likely to be solved by the ordinary public, but, nevertheless, the story of this dead authoress, so far as it is known, is as fascinating as it is romantic.

Briefly, Christine Field is the name on the covers of a book that very shortly everybody will be reading. The real name of the authoress is not known to more than half a dozen people, and they for some reason or another are not likely to give it to the world.

The name of the book itself is "Half a Gipsy," and the tragedy encircling the romance is that the girl who wrote it, full of ambition and hope, sent it out from her study to try its fortunes in the house of a publisher, and died before she learned that it was to be published. That it was a book which will live is evidenced by the fact that, in spite of all efforts to find the author or authoress proving futile, Mr Andrew Melrose determined to publish the book, and leave the rest to the future.

Thus, the fact having been established now that Christine Field has passed away from the scenes of her youthful triumph, and left no heirs, the money which will accrue from the sales of the book will go to help to win the war

Royalties for the Red Cross

The Red Cross people are to accept the royalties at the request of Mr Melrose.

The whole thing is rose-tinged with romance. Take, for instance, the first chapter, which tells how the book came to be published. Andrew Melrose & Co., Ltd., had a competition for authors, so that they could discover real talent, and among the manuscripts which came in was one from Moscow, bearing the name of an unknown writer—Christine Field.

The prize offered was a big one, and the story was not successful. On a dusty shelf, therefore, it lay among a pile awaiting an owner to claim it, until more than a year afterwards one of the partners of the firm took it up and glanced through it.

His appetite whetted by what he read, he took it home and dipped farther into it. The more he read the greater his interest was whetted by its vivid descriptions. Undoubtedly the work of a novice, the writer showed an intimate knowledge of the Russian peasants she had studied and the country in which she had lived. Other literary experts read the manuscript, pronounced it a work of great literary ability, and prophesied a great success for it.

Clues End In Failure.

Mr Andrew Melrose decided to make further attempts to discover the authoress, but all clues only ended in failure.

An advertisement was inserted in all the leading papers asking her to communicate with the publishers to whom she had sent her story. This brought no response, and, determined to withhold the story from the public no longer, Mr Melrose decided to publish the work, at the same time taking every means of assuring the fruits of publication for the authoress.

The position was made clear to three well-known literary people—Mr Clement Shorter, Mr W. L. Courtney, and Miss Smith Dampries.

A proper agreement was drawn up, these three authors were appointed the literary trustees of the unknown and elusive Christine Field, and the book was published. It was instantly pronounced a success by all who read it, and there were many inquiries regarding the identity of the new authoress.

The Secret.

But still Christine Field could not be found. Time passed, and one day Mr Melrose was rung up on the telephone by a lady at the Lyceum Club, who desired to speak to him about the book.

An appointment was made. The lady came to see him, and informed him that she knew the authoress.

"Christine Field," she went on to say, "was my adopted sister.

"When we were girls we used to write a great deal together, but no one was more surprised than I to see her book in print."

She went on to say that Christine Field was a young girl of some nineteen years who had gone to Russia as a governess. There were certain passages in the book which the visitor easily recognised as the work of her foster sister, and she easily convinced Mr Melrose that he was within measurable distance of discovering the identity of the elusive authoress.

"And what has become of your foster sister?" he asked. "She is dead," was the sad reply.

The visitor was insistent that the secret of Christine Field should not be divulged for family reasons. It was pointed out to her that the financial question would have to be considered, and that the heirs of Christine Field would benefit by the publication of her posthumous book.

"She has none," was the answer.

"But what of her friends?"

"The financial side of the question would not interest them. Please keep the secret inviolate. We do not desire publicity."

Romance Within a Romance.

Here was a situation which was somewhat difficult to handle. But the war solved the problem of what to do with the royalties.

The whole romance was laid before the Red Cross, and they were asked to accept the money as it became due. This they have agreed to do.

There the matter rests—a romance within a romance. Time will deepen the interest in the story of "Half a Gipsy," but it will not lighten the mystery of the identity of the dead authoress—Christine Field.

Mr LYNDON AT LIBERTY.

This picture, which shows George Marwood being thrown into the river, is described in next week's instalment.

What Has Gone Before.

Neil Lyndon (who narrates the story) makes a daring escape from Dartmoor. Lyndon had been sentenced to death for the murder of Seton Marks, but the sentence has been commuted to penal servitude for life.

George Marwood, Lyndon's partner, had given false evidence that Lyndon had acknowledged his guilt of the murder. Marks and Lyndon had quarrelled about the former's conduct towards

Joyce Aylmer, an art student.

Lyndon enters a house in search of food, where he receives shelter, thanks to

Dr M'Murtrie, a mysterious individual; **Sonia Savaroff**, a remarkably handsome girl, who falls in love with Lyndon; and her father, a foreigner.

Before being sent to prison Lyndon had been experimenting on a powerful new explosive, and his new "friends" erect a workshop for him near Tilbury, where he can complete his invention.

Latimer, a Secret Service man, finds out who Lyndon is, and tells him that he is on the track of a gang who are intending to sell the secret of the powder to Germany.

M'Murtrie, Savaroff, and Von Brünig—a German—are captured by Latimer just in time to prevent Lyndon being carried off by them to the Continent. M'Murtrie is shot dead, and the other two men are taken prisoners.

Exonerated.

IT was at this point that Savaroff, who had been regarding us with the half-stupid stare of a man who has nearly recovered consciousness, staggered up unsteadily from his chair. His half-numbed brain seemed suddenly to have grasped what was happening.

"Verfluchter Schweinhund!" he shouted, turning on me. "So it was you, then——"

He got no further. However embarrassed the sergeant might be by exceptional events, he was evidently thoroughly at home in his own department.

"'Ere!" he said, stepping forward briskly, "stow that, me man!" And with a sudden energetic thrust in the chest he sent Savaroff sprawling backwards on the couch almost on top of Von Brünig.

"Don't you use none of that language 'ere," he added, standing over them, "or so like as not you'll be sorry for it."

There was a brief pause. "I see, sergeant," said Latimer gravely, "that I am leaving the case in excellent hands."

He gave a few final instructions to Ellis, who was also staying behind, and then the four of us left the bungalow and walked quietly down the small garden path that led to the road. Just outside the gate stood a powerful five-seated car.

"Start her up, Guthrie," said Latimer, and then, turning to us, he added, with a smile—"I want you in front with me, Lyndon. I know Morrison's dying for a yarn with you, but he must wait."

Tommy nodded contentedly. "I can wait," he observed; "it's a habit I've cultivated where Neil's concerned."

We all clambered into the car, and, slipping in his clutch, Latimer set off at a rapid pace in the direction of Queenborough. It was not until we had rounded the first corner that he opened the conversation.

"How did you know about Marks?" he asked in that easy, drawling voice of his.

"I didn't know for certain," I said quietly. "It was more or less of a lucky shot."

Then, as he seemed to be waiting for a further explanation, I repeated to him as briefly as possible what Sonia had told me about M'Murtrie's reason for visiting London.

"I didn't go into all this in my letter to you," I finished, "because in the first place there was only just time for Joyce to catch the train, and in the second I didn't want to disappoint her in case it should turn out to be all bunkum. You must have been rather amazed when I suddenly sprung it on M'Murtrie?"

He shook his head, smiling. "Oh, no," he said; "hardly amazed." He paused. "You see, I knew about it already," he added placidly.

If there was any amazement to spare at that moment it was certainly mine.

"You knew about it!" I repeated. "You knew that M'Murtrie had killed Marks?"

He nodded coolly. "You remember telling me in the boat that your friend Miss—Miss Aylmer, isn't it?—had recognised him as the man she saw at the flat on the day of the murder?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, if that was so, and you had been wrongly convicted, which I was inclined to believe, the doctor's presence on the scene seemed to require a little looking into. I knew that at that time he had only just arrived in London, so the odds were that he and Marks were old acquaintances. I hunted up the evidence in your trial—I had rather forgotten it—and I found just what I expected. Beyond the fact that Marks was a foreigner and had been living in London for about eight years, no one seemed to know anything about him at all. The police were so confident in their case against you that apparently they hadn't even bothered to make the usual inquiries. If they had taken the trouble to communicate with St Petersburg they could have found out all about Mr Marks without much difficulty. The authorities there have a wonderfully complete system of remembering their old friends."

"But three years afterwards——" I began.

"It makes very little difference, especially as just at present we are on excellent terms with the Russian Secret Service. They took the matter up for me, and last night I got the full particulars I wanted about the man who had given away M'Murtrie and his friends in St Petersburg. There can be no question that he and Marks were the same person."

I took a long—a very long breath.

"There remains," I said, "the Home Office."

"I don't think you need be seriously worried about the Home Office," returned Latimer serenely. "By this time they have a full statement of the case—except, of course, for my direct evidence that I heard the doctor actually bragging of his achievement. I had a long interview with Casement before I left London this morning, and he said he would go round directly after breakfast. He evidently arrived just too late to prevent the order for your arrest."

I nodded. "Sonia must have gone to the police last night," I said, and then in a few words I told him of the telegram I had received from Gertie Uggins, and how it had just enabled me to get away.

"I don't know," I finished, "how much my double escape complicates matters. However unjust my sentence was, there's no denying I've committed at least three felonies since. I've broken prison, plugged a warder in the jaw, and shoved an oar into a policeman's tummy. Do you think there's any possible chance of the Home Secretary being able to overlook such enormities?"

Latimer laughed easily. "My dear Lyndon," he said, "in return for what you've done for us you could decimate the police force if you wanted to." Then, speaking seriously, he added—"I tell you frankly there's every chance of a huge European war in the near future, and you can see the different position we should be in if the Germans had got hold of this new powder of yours. Apart from that, the Government owe you every possible sort of reparation for the shameful way you've been treated."

We were entering the dreary main street of Queenborough as he spoke, and before I could answer he drew up outside the Post Office.

"We've just time to send off a telegram," he said. "I want to make sure of seeing Lammersfield and Casement directly we get to town. They will probably be at lunch if I don't wire."

He entered the building, and Tommy took advantage of his brief absence to lean over the back of the seat and grip my hand.

"We've done it, Neil," he said. "Damn it, we've done it!"

"You've done it, Tommy," I retorted. "You and Joyce between you."

There was a short pause, and then Tommy gave vent to a deep, satisfied chuckle.

"I'm thinking of George," he said simply.

It was such a beautiful thought that for a moment I, too, maintained a voluptuous silence.

"We must find out whether they're going to prosecute him," I said. "I don't want to clash with the Government, but whatever happens I mean to have my five minutes first. They're welcome to what's left of him."

Tommy nodded sympathetically, and just at that moment Latimer came out of the Post Office.

We got to the railway station with about half a minute to spare. The train was fairly crowded, but a word from Latimer to the stationmaster resulted in our being ushered into an empty "first," which was ceremoniously locked behind us. It was not a "smoker," but with a fine disregard for such trifles Latimer promptly produced his cigar-case, and offered us each a delightful-looking Upman. There are certainly some advantages in being on the side of the established order.

Soothed by the fragrant tobacco, and with an exquisite feeling of rest and freedom, I lay back in the corner and listened to Latimer's pleasantly drawling voice as he described to me how he had accomplished his morning's coup.

It seems that, accompanied by Tommy and his own man Ellis, he had arrived at Queenborough by the early train. Instructions had already been wired through from London that the Sheppey police were to put themselves entirely at his disposal, and, having commandeered a car, the three of them, together with our friend the sergeant, set off to the bungalow. They pulled up some little distance away and waited for Guthrie, Latimer's other assistant, who had been keeping an eye on the place during the night. He reported that M'Murtrie and Savaroff and Von Brünig had just put off in the launch, leaving the other two behind.

"I guessed they had gone to pay you a visit," explained Latimer drily, "and it seemed to me a favourable chance of doing a little calling on our own account."

The net result of that little call had been the bloodless capture of Hoffman and the other German spy, who had been surprised in the prosaic act of swallowing their breakfast.

Having been favoured by fortune so far, Latimer had promptly proceeded to make the best use of his opportunity. It struck him that, whatever might be the result of their visit to me, the other members of the party were pretty sure to come back to the bungalow. The idea of hiding behind the curtain at once suggested itself to him. It was just possible that in this way he might pick up some valuable information before he was discovered, while in any case it would give him the advantage of taking them utterly by surprise.

His first step had been to tie up the prisoners, and pack them off in the car to Queenborough Police Station, with Guthrie and the sergeant as an escort. He then carefully removed all inside and outside traces of the raid on the bungalow, and picked out a couple of convenient hiding-places in the garden, where Tommy and Ellis could lie in ambush until they were wanted. A shot from his revolver or the smashing of the French window was to be the signal for their united entrance on the scene.

"Well, you know the end of the story as well as I do," he finished, flicking off the ash of his cigar. "Things could scarcely have turned out better, except for that unfortunate accident with M'Murtrie." He paused. "I wouldn't have shot him for the world," he added regretfully, "but he really left me no choice."

"He would have been hanged anyway," put in Tommy consolingly.

Latimer smiled. "I didn't mean to suggest that it was likely to keep me awake at night. I was only thinking that we might perhaps have got some useful information out of him."

"It seems to me," I said gratefully, "that we did."

Through the interminable suburbs and slums of South-East London we steamed slowly into London Bridge Station and drew up at the platform. There was a taxi waiting almost opposite our carriage, and, promptly securing the driver, Latimer instructed him to take us "as quickly as possible" to No. 10 Downing Street.

The man carried out his order with almost alarming literalness, but Providence watched over us, and we reached the Foreign Office without disaster. Favoured with a respectful salute from the liveried porter on duty, Latimer led the way into the hall.

We followed him down a short narrow passage to another corridor, where he unlocked and opened a door on the left, ushering us into a small room comfortably fitted up as an office.

"This is my own private den," he said, "so no one will disturb you. I will go and see if Casement has come. If so, he is probably upstairs with Lammersfield. I will give them my report, and then no doubt they will want to see you. You won't have to wait very long."

He nodded pleasantly and left the room, closing the door after him. For all his quiet, almost lethargic manner, it was curious what an atmosphere of swiftness and decision he seemed to carry about with him.

I turned to Tommy.

"Where's Joyce?" I asked.

"She's at the flat," he announced. "She said she would wait there until she heard from us. I saw her last night, you know. I was having supper at Hatchett's with Latimer when she turned up with your letter. She'd come on from his rooms."

"There are many women," I said softly, "but there is only one Joyce."

Tommy chuckled. "That's what Latimer thinks. After she left us—I was staying the night with him in Jermyn Street, and we'd all three gone back there to talk it over—he said to me in that funny drawling way of his—'You know, Morrison, that girl will be wasted, even on Lyndon. She ought to be in the Secret Service.'"

I laughed. "I'm grateful to the Secret Service," I said, "but there are limits even to gratitude."

For perhaps three-quarters of an hour we remained undisturbed, while Latimer was presumably presenting his report to the authorities. The time passed quickly, for we had plenty to talk about; indeed, our only objection to waiting was the fact that we were both beginning to get infernally hungry, and it seemed likely to be some time yet before we should be able to get anything to eat.

At last there came a discreet knock at the door, and an elderly clean-shaven person with the manners of a retired butler appeared noiselessly upon the threshold.

"Lord Lammersfield wishes to see you, gentlemen. If you will be good enough to follow me I will conduct you to his presence."

We followed him along the corridor and up a rather dingy staircase, when he tapped gently at a door immediately facing us. "Come in," called out a voice, and with another slight inclination of his head our guide turned the handle and ushered us into the room.

It was a solemn-looking sort of apartment furnished chiefly with bookcases, and having a general atmosphere of early Victorian stuffiness. At a big table in the centre two men were sitting. One was Latimer; the other I recognised immediately as Lord Lammersfield.

I had never known him personally in the old days, but I had often seen him walking in the Park, or run across him at such popular rest cures as Kempton and Sandown Park. He had changed very little in the interval; his hair was perhaps a trifle greyer, otherwise he looked just the same debonair picturesque figure that the Opposition caricaturists had loved to use their pencils on.

He got up as we entered, regarding us both with a pleasant, whimsical smile that put me entirely at my ease at once.

"This is Lyndon," said Latimer, indicating me, "and this is Morrison."

Lord Lammersfield came round the table and shook hands cordially with us both.

"Sit down, gentlemen," he said; "sit down. If half of what Mr Latimer has told me is true you must be extremely tired."

We all three laughed, and Tommy promptly took advantage of the invitation to seat himself luxuriously in a big leather armchair. I remained standing.

"To be quite truthful," I said, "it's been the most refreshing morning I can ever remember."

Lord Lammersfield looked at me for a moment with the same smile on his lips.

"Yes," he said dryly; "I suppose there is a certain stimulus in saving Britain before breakfast. Most of my own work in that line is accomplished in the afternoon." Then, with a sudden, slight change in his manner, he took a step forward and again held out his hand.

"Mr Lyndon," he said, "as a member of the Government, and one who is therefore more or less responsible for the law's asinine blunders, I am absolutely ashamed to look you in the face. I wonder if you add generosity to your other unusual gifts."

For the second time we exchanged grips.

"I have common gratitude at all events, Lord Lammersfield," I said. "I know that you have tried to help me while I was in prison, and——"

He held up his other hand with a gesture of half-ironical protest. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I am afraid that any poor efforts of mine in that direction were due to the most flagrant compulsion." He paused. "Whatever else you are unlucky in, Mr Lyndon," he added smilingly, "you can at least be congratulated on your friends."

Then he turned to Latimer. "I think it would be as well if I explained the position before Casement and Frinton arrive."

Latimer expressed his agreement, and, motioning me to a chair, Lord Lammersfield again seated himself at the table. His manner, though still quite friendly and unstilted, had suddenly become serious.

"For the moment, Mr Lyndon," he said, "the Prime Minister is out of London. We have communicated with him, and we expect him back to-night. In his absence it falls to me to thank you most unreservedly both on behalf of the Government and the nation for what you have done. It would be difficult to overrate its importance."

I began to feel a trifle embarrassed.

"I really don't want any thanks," I said. "I just drifted into it, and anyway one doesn't sell one's country, even if one is an escaped convict."

Lord Lammersfield laughed dryly. "There are many men," he said, "in your position who would have found it an extraordinarily attractive prospect. I am not at all sure I shouldn't have myself." He paused. "We can't give you those three years of your life back," he went on, "but fortunately we can make some sort of amends in other ways. I have no doubt that the moment the Prime Minister is fully acquainted with the circumstances he will arrange for what we humorously call a 'free pardon'—that is to say, the law will very graciously forgive you for having been unjustly sent to prison. As for the rest"—he shrugged his shoulders—"well, I don't imagine you will be precisely the loser for not having sold your secret to the Wilhelmstrasse. Our own War Office are quite prepared to deal in any original methods of scattering death that happen to be on the market just at present."

There was a brief pause.

"And are we free now?" inquired Tommy, with a rather pathetic glance at the clock.

"You should be very shortly," returned Lammersfield. "Mr Casement has gone across to the Home Office to explain the latest developments to Sir George Frinton. We are expecting them both here at any moment."

"Sir George Frinton?" I echoed. "Why, I thought Mr M'Curdy was at the Home Office."

Lammersfield smiled tolerantly. "You have been busy, Mr Lyndon, and some of the more important facts of modern history have possibly escaped you. M'Curdy resigned from the Government nearly three months ago."

"But Sir George Frinton!" I exclaimed. "Why, I know the old boy; I have a standing invitation to go and look him up." And then, without waiting for any questions, I described to them in a few words how the Home Secretary and I had travelled together from Exeter to London, and the favourable impression I had apparently made.

Both Lammersfield and Latimer were vastly amused—the former lying back in his chair and laughing softly to himself in undisguised merriment.

"How perfectly delightful," he observed. "Poor old Frinton has his merits, but——"

The libel he was about to utter on his distinguished colleague was suddenly cut short by a knock at the door, and, in answer to his summons, the butler-looking person entered and announced that Sir George Frinton and Mr Casement were waiting for an audience.

"Show them up at once," said his Lordship gravely; and then turning to Latimer as the man left the room he added, with a reflective smile—"I should never have believed that the Foreign Office could be so entertaining."

A Little Family Party.

The moment Sir George Frinton reached the threshold one could see that he was seriously perturbed. He entered the room in an energetic, fussy sort of manner, and came bustling across to Lord Lammersfield, who had risen from the table to greet him. He was followed by a grey-haired, middle-aged man, who strolled in quietly, looked across at Latimer, and then threw a sharp, penetrating glance at Tommy and me.

It was Lammersfield who spoke first. "I was sorry to bother you, Frinton," he said pleasantly, "but the matter has so much to do with your department I thought you ought to be present."

Sir George waved away the apology. "You were perfectly right, Lord Lammersfield—perfectly right. I should have come over in any case. It is an astounding story. I have been amazed—positively amazed—at Mr Casement's revelations. Can it be possible there is no mistake?"

"Absolutely none," answered Latimer calmly. "Our people have moved with the utmost discretion, and we have the entire evidence in our hands." He turned to Casement. "You have acquainted Sir George with the whole of this morning's events?"

The quiet man nodded. "Everything," he observed in a rather fatigued voice.

"I understand," said the Home Secretary, "that this man Lyndon is actually here."

With a graceful gesture Lord Lammersfield indicated where I was standing.

"Let me introduce you to each other," he said. "Mr Neil Lyndon—Sir George Frinton."

I bowed respectfully, and when I raised my head again I saw that the Home Secretary was contemplating me with a puzzled stare.

"Your face seems strangely familiar to me," he observed.

"You evidently have a good memory, Sir George," I replied. "I had the honour and pleasure of travelling up from Exeter to London with you about a fortnight ago."

A sudden light came into his face, and adjusting his spectacles he stared at me harder than ever.

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BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS IN SCOTLAND.

I hear that a visit to the King's Theatre, Glasgow, of "The Bing Boys" is not unlikely.

●●●●●

One of the breeziest fellows, just as he is breezy on the stage, is Jack Lane in private life. He has a happy wit, and has a cheery way of looking on the bright side of things.

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The few weeks spent by Little Tich at the Theatre Royal have evidently made an impression on him. I heard him ejaculate "Mighty me!" on the stage the other night in a tone which even a Highlander might have envied.

Jack Lane is a self-taught musician. He can play practically anything put before him.

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Fred Kitchen's brother Harry is also in the pantomime "Robinson Crusoe." Like a true scion of the Kitchen family, Harry is a splendid 'mimer, although he has hardly reached the fame of his brother Fred.

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Jack Lane once advertised a motor car for sale. The price was £300. A printer's error made it £30. What a time Jack had. Applicants came in hundreds. Jack and his household nearly collapsed, and he wired to the newspaper as follows:—"Alter advertisement. £300, not £30. I'm collapsing; wife frantic; servant dead. Shoot compositor."

I hear from Jock Whiteford that he is having a very successful time at some of the London halls just now.

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Mr Harris, the proprietor of the "Ten Loonies" show, which is to be at the Glasgow Empire, is an enthusiastic politician and a strong patriot. More than once he has applied the closure to those insidious "peace" meetings.

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Sir Frank Benson pays a flying visit to the Glasgow Alhambra during a short leave he is having from his Red Cross work at the western front. Sir Frank is acting up to his ideals in thus giving his services for war purposes.

(1) SYLVIA SASSANO, THE BALLET DANCER, IN "SINBAD THE SAILOR" AT THE GLASGOW THEATRE ROYAL; (2) JACK LANE, PRINCIPAL COMEDIAN IN "LITTLE BOY BLUE" AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, DUNDEE; (3) KATIE KAY IN "CINDERELLA" AT THE KING'S THEATRE, EDINBURGH; (4) SIR FRANK BENSON AT THE GLASGOW ALHAMBRA; (5) FRED KITCHEN IN "ROBINSON CRUSOE" AT THE GLASGOW COLISEUM; (6) KITTY BRUCE IN "GOODY TWO SHOES" AT THE PALACE, DUNDEE.

There are a number of tried favourites in the cast of "Oh, Cæsar," which is at the King's for the next fortnight.

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Fred Kitchen, who is responsible for the bulk of the fun in "Robinson Crusoe," Mr Harry Burns' pantomime appearing at the Coliseum, Glasgow, is feeling very much upset over poor Fred Emney's death. And little wonder. Fred was telling me he nearly met his death himself a short time ago at the London Opera House. This was when he was appearing in "Look Who's Here." He was doing a dive into a private box—a straight forward fall. He did not notice a chair in the box, and came down on it on his nose. Fred got a nasty knock, but thought it would be all right in a day or two. Some grease paint got into the wound, and it developed in such an ugly way that an eminent specialist was called in. The case was so grave, the specialist told Fred, if he was not operated on within twenty-four hours he would not answer for the genial comedian's life.

Maxwell Carew, the dame in "Little Boy Blue" at Dundee, designs all his elaborate hats and dresses.

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It is not so many weeks ago since Fred Kitchen was at the Glasgow Coliseum, and here he is back again, this time in pantomime. When he was last in panto. in Glasgow he was at the Grand, when he played the dame part.

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Frank van Hoven, the "dippy" musician, who is at the Edinburgh Empire, is undoubtedly the greatest novelty America has sent us. In fact, his conjuring show as a piece of comic relief is a thing apart from the ordinary in conception and in realisation. Frank is himself a thing apart from the ordinary run. Preferring a precarious existence as a showman to a comfortable home and a "respectable" profession in Iowa, where his family are well known, Frank began his career as a "lecturer" on the habits and ferocity of a couple of alligators being travelled by a circus which he ran away to join. Frank told his audiences all he knew and more about the animals, but one thing he forgot to mention was that one of the animals was dead and stuffed and the other well on the way to a similar condition.

Very few pantomime goers have any idea of the remarkable intricacies of the interior of the "horse" introduced by the Brothers Shanks in "Little Boy Blue," at present in Dundee. One of these famous artistes revealed to me the manner in which many of the comical touches in this performance are done. In the horse's head there are numerous wires controlling the eyes, the ears, the mouth, and the tail, and I know that these comedians have to put every ounce of their strength into their performance, to say nothing of their powers of originality.

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"Within the Law" is a play that has been breaking all records at the Haymarket Theatre, London. I had the opportunity of seeing it just after production, and I voted it the most gripping put on the boards for a long time. In short, the plot deals with a clever gang of criminals, headed by a woman who has been wrongfully imprisoned for a crime she never committed, and who on being released makes it her business to get even with society and with the man who sent her to prison, but always managing to be skilful enough to keep "within the law." Miss James is a great success in the title-role, and the chief comedy element is provided by Miss Dorothy Stewart as a Cockney crook. Messrs Fred Emery and Fred Bailey provide the chief male characters. Dundee folk will have the chance of seeing this play at the King's.

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Katie Kay, who is proving herself to be a real dashing Dandini in "Cinderella" at the King's, Edinburgh, is a descendant of the real old stock of theatrical families. Her father is the well-known baritone, George Couper, and her mother was related to an old circus family. Miss Kay, who was first known in these parts as one of the three Coupers, and more recently with her brother as George Gee and Katie Kay, was the victim of a delightfully amusing slip on the opening night of the pantomime, when as the slipper slipped easily on to the foot of Cinderella she gravely announced, "The fitter slips her." Audience and artistes howled in concert, but the irony of it is that hardly once has she been able to say the line right, and it has come to be a nightmare to her.

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Harry and Guy Shanks, who provide specialities in the pantomime "Little Boy Blue," have had long circus experience before they came to the halls. They claim a record during an experience in London some seasons ago when they played in "Mother Goose" at the Marlborough Theatre, Holloway, and "Robinson Crusoe" at the Broadway, Deptford. At the Marlborough they played the "horse," and at Deptford they played the "cow" and the "giraffe." Between these they used a motor car, which was a real Shanks' "pony" in that case. By the way, in one of these pantomimes they played with the late Fred Emney, of whom they have very happy recollections.

J. H. Wakefield is due at the King's, Dundee, very soon. He will get a big welcome.

●●●●●

A novelty for Edinburgh is being organised by the members of the theatrical profession in a carnival and sports on behalf of the free canteen for soldiers and sailors at the Waverley Station. The sports are to be preceded by a procession, the committee in charge of which is under the convenership of Mr Edmund Page, and which promises to be an ambitious undertaking. Mr George T. Minshull is carrying out the onerous duties of the chairmanship of the committee making the arrangements for this unique and laudatory event. Mr Lumley, who with Mr A. S. Cruikshanks, of the King's, are conveners, has granted them the use of Powderhall. Mr J. Nelson, of the Empire, is acting as treasurer, and the secretaries are Messrs Claud Boulby and Oswald Barclay, of the Theatre Royal.

ROMANCE OF COWBOY BARONET.

A GREAT deal of interest is centred round the marriage of Sir Genille Cave Brown Cave, the cowboy baronet, and Miss Florence Boltwood, of London, whom he met at a Salvation Army meeting in Virginia.

Sir Genille has had a varied career of adventure in all parts of the world as sailor, soldier, cowboy, and latterly as a preacher.

"I've done quite a bit of fighting, y'know, in my day," said Sir Genille, in an interview. "Fought in Burmah, dropped in on the Boxer campaign, and went with General Miles to the Spanish War. It's very interestin'. Almost better, I should say, than huntin' big game or makin' a crack shot at polo. I've done 'em all, y'know. Oh, I was a caution," and Sir Genille laughed with the zest of one who remembers his early sins with pleasure.

Hundreds of Western men only know Sir Genille as "Kitty," and, explaining the reason himself, he has said:—"It was through an elopement. There was a girl down there, the foreman's daughter, the only girl on the ranch, and everybody proposed to her. I did for one, and she turned me down. There was a great big soft fool who proposed to her to elope. She came down to the bunkhouse and told us all about it. I was the only one clean-shaven, and it was settled I was to take her place. We started out to elope about 11 p.m., and I edged him right into a barbed wire, the boys lying in wait in the dark and firing their revolvers to see how near they could go. I bolted, got out of the girl's dress, and he was tried by court-martial."

His escapades were tinctured with such high adventure that when he was told that the Sheriff of Utah was looking for him in 1907 Sir Genille promptly took to the hills. "So I said to myself, the Sheriff doesn't want any good with me," Sir Genille confessed naively. But the only reason was that he was succeeding to the title after the death of his father, Sir Myles Cave Browne Cave.

He returned to England, but the role of lord of the manor didn't suit him, so in 1908 there is record of a Sir Genille Cave Browne Cave coming to America by way of the steerage. Three years later he was converted by the Salvation Army in New York, assumed the uniform with all the facility he had donned fighting clothes, and enlisted in the "army of the Lord."

He tells how he was converted from his adventurous life. "In New York I ran wild for a time. Finally, on September 27, 1910, I was in a saloon when a Salvation Army lassie entered, tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Are you a Christian?" She then handed me a card with the address of the 'Army's' New York headquarters.

"Her words seemed to set me thinking. I had never been a religious sort of chap, but something took hold of me and drew me to a Salvation Army meeting, and six days later, in the quiet of my own room, God spoke to me, and I became a Christian. Curiously enough, though I had been a hard drinker and smoker, the taste for whisky and tobacco left me from that moment.

"For a time I was caretaker at the 'Army's' Brooklyn barracks, and scrubbed floors, beat the big drum, and helped in a variety of ways. Finally I came here, and my future lies as a minister of the Gospel."

His estates are at Shelton-en-le-Field, on the borders of Leicestershire and Derbyshire. Sir Genille is a big figure of a man, heavy-set, broad shouldered, and muscular. His family, according to Burke's Peerage, is of Norman extraction, and dates from the time of William the Conqueror.

COLISEUM,
GLASGOW.
6.55—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
HARRY BURNS Presents his Greatest Pantomime,
"ROBINSON CRUSOE."
All-Star Cast includes
FRED KITCHEN.
Box Office, 11 to 4—6 to 9.30 p.m.
'Phones—South 230, Central, 1501.

EMPIRE, GLASGOW.
6.45—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.0.
John Bull's Girl.
VICTORIA MONKS
In Her Latest and Greatest Success,
"THE EXTRA TURN."
THE 10 LOONIES, Burlesque Musicians.
BERT TERRELL. TEACH LAQUINLAN TRIO.
JOHN DONALD. MARIE KAY.
MAZUZ & MAZELTE, Comedy Eccentrics.
MATINEE, TUESDAY, 2.30.
Box Office, 10.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 9.30.
'Phone 3731 Douglas.

LA SCALA,
GLASGOW.
MONDAY, 22d, AND ALL WEEK—
VESTA TILLEY
in the
"GIRL WHO LOVES A SOLDIER."
ON THE DOIRAN FRONT.
Official Salonica War Film.
Also, MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY—
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
in
"HIT HIM AGAIN."
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY—
"CATCHING THAT BURGLAR,"
Horsley Comedy.

THE NEW SAVOY
PICTURE HOUSE, GLASGOW.
MON., TUES., WED., 22d, 23d, 24th Jan.
THE SOUL'S CYCLE.
Centaur Masterpiece, in Four Parts.
THURS., FRI., SAT., 25th, 26th, 27th Jan.
LITTLE MEENA'S ROMANCE
A Love Story, in Four Acts.
Supported by Full Programmes.
Grand Circle—Box Space can be Booked at 2/2 and 2/8 respectively (including tax).
COMING, FEBY. 5th—
"THE ADVANCE OF THE TANKS."

THEATRE ROYAL,
GLASGOW.
NIGHTLY, at 7.
MATINEES, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.
HOWARD & WYNDHAM'S
THIRTIETH "ROYAL" PANTOMIME
SINBAD THE SAILOR.
ALL-STAR CAST, including
LITTLE TICH.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,
DUNDEE.
MONDAY, 22d Jan., at 7
SAT. MAT. at 2.
LAST WEEK OF MOST SUCCESSFUL PANTOMIME.
"BOY BLUE."
Box Office Open. Tel. 1919.

KING'S THEATRE,
DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY—6.45 and 9.
MONDAY, January 22d, 1917.
THE GREATEST PLAY OF THE DAY.
"WITHIN THE LAW,"
Which Ran 550 Nights at the HAYMARKET THEATRE, LONDON.
Special Scenery. London Company.
Box Office, 11 to 4, 6.15 to 10. 'Phone 1930.

LA SCALA.
'PHONE 384 30 MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY,
22d, 23d, 24th January.
Parts 1 and 2 of
"THE BATTLE OF THE ALPS."
"EAST LYNNE,"
Featuring THEDA BARA.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY,
25th, 26th, 27th January.
Parts 3 and 4 of
"THE BATTLE OF THE ALPS."
"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."
Starring GEORGE BUDAN (The American Chevalier)
Dr Dorney Series.
MONDAY—"IMPERIAL INDIA—Part 3."
THURSDAY—"NATIVE INDIA—Part 3."
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE 2.30 to 10.15.
7d and 1s 2d. Boxes 5s 8d and 8s 4d

ELECTRIC THEATRE,
DUNDEE.
Manager, ... T. PENNYCOOK.
SHOWING MON., TUES., and WED.
For the First Time in Dundee.
CLEO RIDGELY in
"THE INVISIBLE POWER,"
By C. H. Mellord, in 4 Acts.
SHOWING THURS., FRI., and SAT.,
A Picture Every Woman should Witness.
"LORD CHUMLY."
KALEM MASTERPIECE, In 4 ACTS.
Please note we have just installed Two of the very Latest Cinema Machines, and so can now safely say that we show the Brightest and Cleanest Picture in town here none. If you don't believe us, come and witness it for yourself.
SHOWING DAILY 2.30 to 10.30.
Prices as Usual.
COMING—THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, IN 6 REELS.

PALACE PLAYHOUSE.
DUNDEE.
7—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
Seats Booked at Theatre from 10-1 and 6.30-10.
'Phone 2758.
THIS WEEK—
HENRY L. OSMOND PRESENTS HIS FAIRY PANTOMIME,
GOODY TWO-SHOES.
9 MAGNIFICENT SCENES 9
Cast includes:—Laurette & Laurel, the Four Osmo Girls, Betty Bruce Ethel Glyde, the Six Royal Welsh Singers.
Augmented Orchestra Under the Direction of Lieut. J. ORD HUME, A.V.C.M.
Seats can be Booked Now.

SHAND'S PICTURE HOUSE,
Shepherd's Loan, Dundee.
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE, 6-10.30.
Mon., Tues., and Wed.—Famous Players' Production, "Kindling," Starring Charlotte Walker. Showing all week—Charles Chaplin in "Killing Time." Thurs., Fri., and Sat.—"For the Honour of Australia," presented by Special Permission of H.M. Board of Admiralty and the Minister of the Australian Navy, showing how the Sydney Battered the German Raider "Emden." Unanimously declared by our eminent critics to be the Greatest Naval Film Ever Screened.

VICTORIA
PALACE THEATRE, DUNDEE.
6.50 TWICE NIGHTLY And 9
MONDAY, Jan. 22d, and Week—
"THE WIFE WITH TWO HUSBANDS."

MARVELLOUS VICTORY OVER
VARICOSE VEINS
Wonderful New "Spirastic" Supports.
Old-fashioned Dangerous Elastic Stockings Entirely Superseded.

A well-known Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances has made a marvellous discovery, which entirely revolutionises the treatment of Varicose Veins.

For the first time it is now possible for the sufferer from this most painful and dangerous ailment to go about in perfect comfort, and at the same time to so strengthen the parts that a complete and permanent cure is ultimately assured

As Mr. Cooper, the inventor, says, "Every sufferer from Varicose Veins knows only too well the clumsy and painful nature of the ordinary elastic stocking, but few realise that there is a grave danger in wearing these appliances.

"Ordinary elastic stockings are made with harsh, coarse ribs at the back and sides, and these, constantly pressing upon the distended blood vessels, may at any moment set up Inflammation and Ulceration and thus cause the Varicose Veins to burst.

"Now, however, by my wonderful new 'Spirastic' method, the hard, dangerous seams of the old-fashioned elastic stockings are entirely abolished, and perfect comfort and support are given to the limbs."

The new Mecca "Spirastic" Supports, as clearly shown in the accompanying illustration, are woven on a similar principle to "putteea," which any soldier will tell you are the only possible leg supports for long marches. Fitting with the softness of a kid glove, they neither press, pinch, nor cut the limb, nor do they wrinkle or lose their elasticity. They cost no more than the ordinary hard-ribbed stocking, will last at least three times as long, and, moreover, are sent on approval.

Colonel Marshall, 6, Chester Place, Hyde Park Square, W., courteously writes as follows:—"I have worn your 'Spirastic' Supports for the last three months, and find them a distinct improvement on the old Elastic Stockings which I had worn for many years. Being seamless is a great advantage. They give a more uniform support to the veins, are more comfortable, and do not slip down. I prefer them in every way to the old style."

If, therefore, you suffer from Varicose Veins, Loss of Power in the Legs, Weak Knees, Swollen Ankles, Pain when Walking or Standing, write at once (a postcard will do) to Mr. Cooper, Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances, 777, Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C., for free Illustrated Booklet fully describing this wonderful invention. Immediately you receive it you will realise why the Mecca "Spirastic" Supports give greater comfort and freedom from pain, and eventually effect a complete and permanent cure. Mr. Cooper can be seen personally every day (except Saturdays), from 10 to 1 and from 2 to 3.

IN THE MELTING POT.

Bright Pars on Topical Subjects.

BY THOMAS JAY.

The Kaiser is now furious with the Allies, we read. Fancy that!

It was so cold the other day that three women entered Glasgow shops and made off with a large quantity of warm clothing.

According to German papers, the Kaiser will in future avoid Norway as a holiday resort. But why does he play up to Norway in this way?

"Scrap by scrap," says the Berliner Tageblatt, "we are building many submarines." Yes. They are submarines first and then they are scrap iron.

King Constantine has accepted the Allies' conditions. It is also rumoured that if properly supported he is even prepared to put out his tongue at the Kaiser.

A railway porter has been elected to the Magisterial Bench at Poole, in Dorset. It is always well to choose a man who had has some experience in handling cases.

The Director of Education at Liverpool says:—"Boys have a perfect passion for watching men work." And, judging by some men, they carry it through life.

"The woman who puts all her money on her back," says a writer, "is unpatriotic." But, judging by some of the modern dresses, she wouldn't be spending overmuch.

The Minister of Agriculture asserts that pigs are a very paying proposition. He might have gone further and stated that they pay "scent per scent," as it were.

Tinned beef has now been struck off the list of army rations in Australia, though we understand that a large Chicago canning firm have just suggested that it might be retained as a punishment ration.

A London teacher has just invented a new method of imparting a knowledge of geography to scholars. We have painful recollections of the time when such a knowledge was very often imparted with a length of cane.

A telegram despatched from London on January the 22d, 1906, in which a polling result of the general election of that year was announced, has just been received by Mr B. C. Afford, of Witham, Essex. It is really time that this loitering on the part of messenger boys was inquired into.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

EFFECT OF GERMAN RAIDERS ON RUBBER MARKET.

(SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

London, Saturday Night.

As was to be expected, the advent of the great War Loan has, for the time being, largely diverted business from its usual course, and has also resulted in some realisations in existing Securities for the purpose of reinvesting in the new Security.

Under the circumstances the tendency of the leading markets has been as firm as could have been expected, and now that the realising movement shows distinct signs of coming to an end the outlook generally may be regarded as favourable for a revival in business as soon as the War Loan lists are closed. That the latter should, and will, prove an overwhelming success cannot be doubted, and in that case the Government will be provided with war funds for some time to come, and the markets will be given a prolonged breather from such further borrowing operations.

THE BANK DIVIDEND SEASON.

The tale of the bank dividends is now complete, and the showing is undoubtedly a good one, when the abnormal conditions of working during the past year are taken into consideration.

Besides the maintenance of the distributions at the same level as a year ago, considerable sums have been taken from profits for the purpose of providing for depreciation in Securities, so that the financial position of the banks is a very strong one. Moreover, the conversion of their huge holdings of Four-and-a-Half Per Cent. War Loan and Exchequer Bonds into the new War Loan must further improve their position to a considerable extent, and any appreciation in gilt-edged Securities, either when the war is over or when it is in its final stage, must still further increase their resources.

There have of late been some realisations of bank shares, largely in order to reinvest in the War Loan, with the result that such shares now offered yields up to 7 per cent. per annum and over, and constitute an excellent holding of the kind. Present holders should certainly retain the same.

CONFLICTING EMOTIONS IN THE RUBBER MARKET.

The events of the week have been a source of conflicting emotions in the Rubber market. The activity of the German raiders, and reports of losses of cargoes, have resulted in a rise in Plantation Rubber to over 3s per lb. The gilt, however, comes off the gingerbread when the shipping difficulties, together with the abnormally high freights, are taken into consideration. Some idea thereof may be gathered from the fact that, in the case of tea shipments from Colombo to London, the freight charges are now equivalent to no less than 4d per lb.

By the way, the Rubber Plantations Investment Company has become a very large producer of tea, the production from its Sumatra Estate for the past twelve months amounting to 3,196,343 lbs., as compared with 1,312,160 lbs. for the preceding year, and recent sales of its production have been fetching in public auction from 1s 0¾d to 1s 1d per lb. These developments largely account for the quiet demand which has recently been in evidence for the shares up to 24s 3d.

The Anglo-Java also produces tea, as well as rubber and coffee, and these shares have been a good feature, at around 6s 3d, on the understanding that the Company is favourably placed as regards the excess profits duty, also that it may declare an interim dividend of 20 per cent. shortly. Ratanui Rubbers are worth attention at around 55s, in view of the announcement of a balance dividend of 15 per cent., making 30 per cent. for the past year, thus yielding about 11 per cent. per annum.

OILS BRIGHTER—BRITISH BURMAH'S MAIDEN DIVIDEND.

Under the influence of the better military news from Roumania, a brighter tone has characterised the Oil market. As so often pointed out here, however, there is no reason why every section of this department should be permanently affected by the misfortunes of the Russo-Roumanian group. There are numerous companies working in other parts of the world which are doing very well. The latest instance thereof is the British Burmah Petroleum Company, which is closely associated with the Burmah Oil Company, and which is able to announce an interim dividend—being a maiden distribution, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. As these shares are of the face value of 10s, and can still be bought at about 6s 3d, there seems to be a fair margin for a rise in capital value.

KAFFIR SHARES ABOUT TO RALLY.

There has been a little realisation in Kaffir shares to obtain money for subscribing to the War Loan, but that is now over, and the prospects are very favourable, especially in view of the payment in February of numerous dividends, those for the subsidiaries of the Central Mining—Rand Mines Group being advertised for February 5. Large sums will then probably be reinvested in this market.

RHODESIAN DIVIDENDS FOR 1916.

The Chartered Company have announced the divident payments by Rhodesian Mining Companies for 1916 at £641,981, which is the greatest amount declared by Rhodesian Mines in any one year. Thereupon Chartered shares rose to 12s, and the outlook is now more favourable, prices being upon the whole steady. Diamond shares, however, more particularly, are likely to attract attention. De Beers Deferred have been put up, and Mr S. B. Joel is now also working in connection with the Premier Company, having bought one-half of a large holding in those shares, with an option on the remainder. We shall probably see some big move in Diamond Companies in the near future.

THE RISE IN SILVER — RUSSIANS RALLY.

After a short period of a relapse in Silver to 36d for bars, the price has again been put up sharply to 36⅞d on coinage purchases. This is the policy which is pursued to let the price down and then suddenly buy for coinage. Hence the rise. A sharp improvement has also occurred in Canadian Mining shares, and Burma Corporation are up again at nearly 4. Russian Mines, however, have suddenly come into demand again on the favourable war news.

COPPER QUIET—TIN BETTER.

The official quotation of Standard Copper is still £130 5s for cash, but Tin has scored an advance of £7 during the week to £189 5s for cash.

YESTERDAY'S PRICES.
(By "Post" Special Wire.)

The following are the quotations in stocks and shares in which there was a movement:—

HOME RAILWAYS.

Lancs Yorks	67	8	S.-E. Def	26¼	⅜
S.-W. Def	23½	⅝			

AMERICANS.

Atchison	*110	½	Louisville	*133½	4½
Baltimore	*86½	⅝	Missouri	9½	10
Chesapeake	67½	8½	N.Y. Central	106	7
Chicago Mil	94½	5½	North Pacific	113½	4
Denver	16½	7	Southern Ord	33	½
Do Pref	37	8	Do Pref	71½	2½
Erie	34	5	Union	151½	½
Gt Northern Pref	122¼		Steel Pref		126⅝

RUBBER MARKET.

Rahan	2½	Lanadron	2¼
Gula Kalumpong	1½	Singapore Para	3 9
Inch Kenneth	5¼		

DIAMONDS.

Frank Smith	4/-

RHODESIAN.

Zambesia Exploring	17/-

GOLD OUTPUTS.

Daggafontein Gold	13/9

AUSTRALIAN.

Sulphide Corpora	25/6

* Ex Div.

PAISLEY ADVOCATE'S APPOINTMENT.

Paisley, Saturday.

Mr A. M. MacRobert, advocate, who has been appointed Sheriff Court Advocate-Depute, in place of Mr J. L. Wark, appointed interim Sheriff-Substitute at Cupar, is a son of the late Mr Thomas MacRobert, writer, Paisley. After serving his apprenticeship with his father's firm he was admitted to the Faculty of Advocates, and is now a prominent junior. He graduated LL.B. at Glasgow University in 1897, and gained the Cunningham Scholarship for the most distinguished graduate in law of the year.

Think of Your Country Cousin

IN country places, where women live healthy, outdoor lives, wear loose clothing, and take an almost equal part with men, they are pictures of health.

Simple living ensures sound kidneys, perfect blood filtering, and no uric acid trouble.

Uric acid in the blood causes backache, rheumatic and nervous troubles, headache, dizziness, "blues," urinary disorders, and danger of gravel, dropsy, and Bright's disease.

When you have cause to suspect your kidneys, use Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands of women. And to get better and keep better, make it a point to get away from housework every day for a brisk walk. Drink more water, eat simpler food, and sleep more. Better health will make you a better daughter, wife, or mother.

The good Doan's pills have done in Glasgow is proved again and again by messages of gratitude such as the one given here.

Send for Free Book on "Moderation, Cheerfulness, and Other Long Life Laws."

Glasgow Message.

On June 26th, 1914, Mrs J. Kane of 69 Ure Street, Govan, Glasgow said:—"I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for years. At one time I was unable to do any housework for several months. The joints of my hands, knees, and ankles were badly swollen and stiff. My hands became quite deformed. There were awful pains in my back, and the water was out of order.

"I spent pounds on different remedies, but got no permanent relief until I commenced with Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. I was astonished at the effectiveness of the first box, and after giving the pills a thorough trial the rheumatism disappeared, the water was clear and natural, and I was enjoying excellent health. This is now four years ago, and I have never had any serious return of the complaint.

(Signed) "J. KANE."

On July 26th, 1916—*over two years later*—Mrs Kane said:—"My cure has been a permanent one, and I am keeping perfectly free from the rheumatism."

Be sure you ask for DOAN'S and get DOAN'S—the Pills Mrs. KANE had.

All dealers, or 2/9 a box from Foster-McClellan Co., 8, Wells St., Oxford St., London, W.

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills.

This Wonderful Magneto Belt has made Thousands of Sufferers Strong, Healthy, and Vigorous.

CALL AND SEE ME

I Will Send YOU one for 1/-

(See Coupon Below.)

From the moment when you put it on its Magnetic Power braces you up, and your body absorbs naturally and freely the magnetism which it contains. Think of the joy of being free from pain, of being strong and vigorous, of being brimful of life, courage, and vitality, and then read the simple, straightforward, and honest offer I make to you in the Coupon below.

"The weak can now be made strong. The anguish of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, can be speedily and permanently banished. Weak Nerves can be built up and made strong. Mind-Wandering can be cured, so can Involuntary Blushing. Lost Will Power can be regained and the whole human body can be rebuilt and revitalised by means of my marvellous Magnete Belt."

TEST IT AT MY EXPENSE.

I want you to test the belt first by actually wearing it, and so I say to you send me 1s only and I will send you the belt.

"NEW LIFE." **COUPON.** POST TO-DAY.

To Mr AMBROSE WILSON,
13 Allen House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London.

Simply write your FULL name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your waist measurements, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magnete Belt" on approval. I enclose 1/-, and if I do not return Belt within 7 days I will pay you the balance of 4/-, either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/-.

IMPORTANT.—Cross the P.O. thus / /, and make it payable to Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., at G.P.O., London.

Size of my waist is ..... inches.

Foreign and Colonial Orders must be accompanied by the full amount and 1/- extra to pay postage.

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED.

Through incessant recommendations of those cured by "Liquifruta" the demand is so overwhelming that every Chemist's supply is rapidly exhausted. The stocks, however, are daily replenished, so that sufferers unable to obtain at the first attempt should again apply to the Chemist the day following.

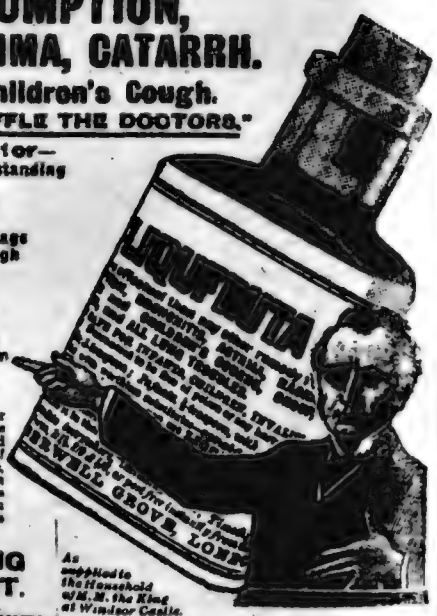
LUNG CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH.

Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

Marvellous "Liq-u-fruta" for—

—Chronic Asthma even of 20 years' standing	
—Terrible Racking Bronchitis	
—Lung Trouble when Sanatoria and Medical Treatment had failed.	
—Bleed Spitting	—Lung Hemorrhage
—Tearing Coughs	—Whooping Cough
—Bronchial Catarrh	—Quinsy
—Pneumonia	—Croup
—Laryngitis	—Nasal Catarrh
—Night Sweats	—Loss of Flesh
—Influenza	—Racking Cough
—Difficult Breathing	—Choking Phlegm
—Sore Throat	—Emphysema



As supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

Every bottle requires 60 hours for impregnation and cannot be hurried. Mr Home-Newcombe himself puts the cure in every bottle.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, sufferings from several of the above diseases—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done, and that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and cured my only son. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" miraculously saved his life, and since that date the lives of thousands of others.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

"Liquifruta" never upsets the Stomach, being purely herbal, it is quite harmless to the infant a day old, or to the elderly with weak hearts.

Thousands of letters overflowing with gratitude are received. The following is a sample—it deals with those terrible diseases Bronchitis and Asthma.

Mrs Maude Hebson, of Leicester, writes:—"My sister suffered from Bronchitis and Asthma, and then Pneumonia developed. She was dreadfully ill in bed for weeks, and it seemed as if nothing would cure her or do her any good, for we had the best doctors we could get. She got so thin and weak that people who saw her said she could not last long. One night my father brought home a bottle of 'LIQUFRUTA,' but she was then too ill to take it. In a little time she was persuaded to take a few doses, and the effect was marvellous, for at once, exactly as in the case of Mr. Home-Newcombe's only son, she began to mend, and the diseases that the doctors could not cure yielded, and the dreaded Pneumonia, that most fatal of all diseases, was conquered.

Just what happened to this lady, who suffered from Severe Bronchitis, Chronic Asthma, Pneumonia, with great congulation of phlegm, can happen to you—will happen to you—for there never has been a failure yet—it matters not that you suffer from Whooping Cough or Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis or Asthma, or even that scourge of the world—Consumption.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is THE Remedy that Never Fails. It is the Ever Open Door to Health.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the Branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Ltd., Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co. and all Chemists and Stores, 1s. 2d., 3s. and 5s., or direct post free from Mr. Wm. Home-Newcombe, 641, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E., for remittance in stamps or postal orders. (Abroad postage extra.)

FREE COUPON

To Mr W. Home-Newcombe,
The Laboratory, 641, Camberwell Grove,
London S.E.

I enclose 2d in stamps for your book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1s. and sent post free.

Enclose this coupon, but write name and full address in ink on separate sheet of paper.

Liquifruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

"COMPELLED TO CLOSE."

Rothesay, Saturday.

A good deal of comment has been created in Rothesay in regard to the case of a local hairdresser, Mr Peter Barr, who has closed both his shops, leaving the following notice affixed to the windows:—

"As all my sons and workers have been called to the colours I am compelled to close during the duration of the war."

Mr Barr's youngest son, a lad of eighteen years, was taken away by a military escort prior to an appeal for him being heard at the meeting of the district local Tribunal yesterday. In view of the lad's age Mr Barr intends to question the legality of the military authorities' procedure.

THE NERVOUS AGE.

Has the reader noticed how nervous people have become nowadays? A well-known physician says that half the patients who come to him in these times are nerve starved; and the disorder is growing commoner every month. Restlessness, disturbed sleep, and headaches are only a part of what the patients suffer. The worst is the misery of mind. They cannot face the smallest difficulty. A slammed door tortures the raw nerves. Their minds are indecided, their tempers irritable, their courage and concentration all gone.

The worst of it is, said the doctor, that people in this condition are tempted to fly to drugs. Morphia, cocaine, opium, and similar things have an evil fascination. Others overfeed themselves with fancy foods in the hope of building up their nerves.

The right way to treat starved nerves is to look to the blood, for a healthy, well-nourished blood-stream feeds the nerves, quickly restoring lost vitality and bringing the mind up to its old power. Dr Williams' Pink pills for pale people owe their wonderful reputation to their power of making new blood—the only thing that will make healthy nerves.

FREE.—The effects of modern life upon the nerves are explained in "Nerves and their Needs," to be had free if you send a postcard to Post Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.

REPORTED KILLED: NOW A PRISONER.

Irvine, Saturday.

On 26th November last Mr and Mrs R. Scott, late of Dreghorn and now of Bannockburn, received official intimation that their son, Sergeant Robert Scott, had been killed in action, and the other day their sorrow was turned to joy by the receipt of a letter from their son stating that he had been wounded in the head by a bullet on 15th November, and that he was now a prisoner in Germany.

REDUCE WEIGHT AND REGAIN STRENGTH.

Recent experiments have shown that the endurance of thin people is much greater than that of the stout. This is due to several causes. The circulation of thin people is better, their heart action usually better, and they more easily eliminate the waste matter from the system.

To overcome the ill-effects of over-stoutness and regain a willowy, graceful figure, go to your chemist and get oil of orilene in capsule form, and take one after each meal and one at bedtime. They increase the oxygen-carrying power of the blood, and dissolve the fatty tissue. Many have reduced their weight at the rate of about a pound a day in this simple, inexpensive way, as well as improving their health wonderfully.

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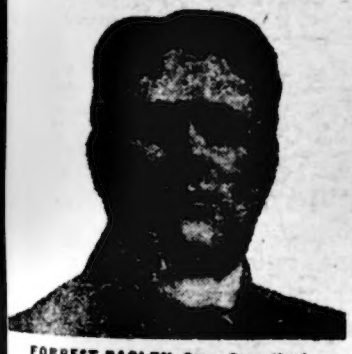

FORREST BAGLEY, Secy. Consultant.

For many years I have been successfully treating Patients suffering from Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Fistulae, Tumours, Constipation, and all Rectal trouble. A neglected case of Piles will not only not cure itself, but is very dangerous, as it may lead to the deadly Cancer. My three Fold Absorption Treatment is constitutional as well as local, and causes the swollen Piles to shrink up and disappear. To every sufferer writing at once I will send my Regular 5s. Treatment Free to try. All I ask is that if you receive benefit you will send me 5s.; if you feel that you have not derived benefit, then do not send me a penny. All correspondence is strictly confidential, and the 5s. Treatment will be sent to you in plain cover, securely sealed, and can be used in the privacy of your own home. Owing to the increased postage rates we should appreciate the return of 5d. in stamps from bona-fide inquirers. Write at once to Forrest Bagley, Secretary of the Dr. G. W. Van Vleck Co., KH24, Consultants' House, Wine Office Court, London, E.C.

LATE TRAINS FOR WORKERS.

COMPLAINTS AT ANNAN.

Annan, Saturday.

A number of interesting cases were disposed of at a sitting of the Munitions Tribunal held at Annan to-day, presided over by Sheriff Fyfe, Glasgow.

A number of delegates from the Joint Workmen's Union appeared and complained that the award of Sheriff M'Kenzie in regard to the rule that the trains would start twenty minutes after stopping work was not being carried out.

Mr E. A. Mott, secretary of the Committee, said the complaint was that the order had not been put in force, and the trains from the stations sometimes did not start till fifty minutes after stopping work. In addition to that trains were sometimes over an hour late. That was a serious grievance.

Mr Bonsson, in reply to questions by the Sheriff, said there were 12,000 workers down there, and it was an absolute impossibility that all these workmen could get away exactly twenty minutes after work was stopped. He suggested that what was at the back of the complaint was that the workers wanted to be paid for the time they left the home station till they returned.

The Sheriff—And Sir George Askwith refused that.

Mr Bonsson—Yes, my Lord. This is a back-door method of raising the same question. The men want to be paid their wages during their own time.

In the course of further discussion, Mr Bonsson said Messrs Pearson were doing all they could to make the arrangements as satisfactory as possible, and they were at present in communication with the railway companies with that object. They had a letter that day from the railway companies saying that they expected that the service could be improved.

The Sheriff said it was evident that Messrs Pearson and the men's delegates were both working for the attainment of the same object, to make the service as satisfactory as possible, but in view of the statement just made, that steps were at present being taken to remedy the complaint, he thought the best course would be to adjourn the case till they saw the result of these efforts.

Councillor Gibb—We have had to tell the men the same story before.

The Sheriff—You can say the story is from me this time. (Laughter.)

GLASGOW HIGHLANDER MISSING.

Acting-Lance-Corporal William Johnston, Glasgow Highlanders, has been reported wounded and missing. A Territorial, he had been in the thick of the fighting since October, 1914. Prior to the war he was employed in the Scottish Wholesale Co-Operative Society as a warehouseman. His parents, who reside at 51 Abbotsford Place, Glasgow, S.S., will be glad to hear from any of his comrades regarding their son.

PRIZE-WINNERS AT LARKHALL SHOW.

Larkhall, Saturday.

The Ornithological Society held their annual show to-day, when the entries numbered 719, comprising ninety-three classes.

Principal prize-winners:—

Scots grey cock—Strang, Cardonald. Scotch grey hen—Carswell, Falkirk. Leghorn cock, any colour—Craig & Son, Stonehouse. Hen, any colour—Sel-Kirk, Swinhill. Minorca cock and hen—Bennie, Dollar. Orpington cock and hen—Naismith, Strathaven. Wyandotte cock (1st and special) and hen—Lilly Causeside, Larkhall. Rhode Island red cock or cockerel—Smith, Dollar. Hen or pullet—Stark, Dennyloanhead. Any variety cock—Allison, Irvine. Hen—Kerr, Castle-Dollar. Cross-bred hen—Kilgour, Holytown. Selling Class—Hen (1st and special)—M'Ewan, Larkhall—Bantam cock and hen—Anderson, Uddingston. Old English game cock and hen—Spiers, Darvel. Bantam cock (Rosecombe)—Paton, Fauldhouse. Hen—Ronald, Maybole. Bantam cock (Seabright)—Scoular, Mid-Calder. Hen—Allan, Harthill. Any variety bantam cock—Aird, Darvel. Hen—Yeudall, Galston. Cock and hen (selling class)—Spiers, Darvel.

Pigeons—Turbit—Kerr, Castle-Dollar. African owl—S. Alfred, Motherwell. English owl, cock—Bennie, Dollar. Hen, Laidler, Paisley. Magpie (1st and special)—Prew, Perth. Hen—Anderson, Edinburgh. Show homers—Brown, Larkhall. Tumbler—Gillespie, Johnstone. Hen—Livingstone, Wishaw. Selling class—Any variety—Laidler, Paisley. Flying homers (300 miles)—Cock—J. W. M'Farlane. Hen—Fotheringham, Newmains. 200 miles—Cock—Murphy, Larkhall. Hen—J. M. M'Farlane.

Rabbits—English—Allardyce, Motherwell. Any colour—France & Roe, Brighouse, Yorkshire. Dutch—Allardyce. Any other variety—Filicher, Rochdale, Lancs. Selling class—T. M'Ewan, Larkhall.

VETERAN SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

Taught Mary Slessor.

Airdrie, Saturday.

Very few men are privileged to serve for fifty years in the eldership of the church, but that distinction has fallen to Mr James Torrance, who is an elder in South Bridge Street U.F. Church, Airdrie (Rev. M. Welsh Neilson, B.D.). Mr Torrance was ordained to the office of elder on 18th August, 1855, at Dundee, and having come to Airdrie a number of years ago he continued his service in the Session of South Bridge Street Church, having thus now completed 51½ years in the eldership. He has also the unique distinction, while in Dundee, of having taught Miss Mary Slessor, the great Calabar missionary, in the Sabbath School of St John's U.F. Church, Dundee. By trade a watch and clockmaker, Mr Torrance is also capable of "wagging his pow in the pulpit," and he is to officiate in South Bridge Street Church to-morrow (Sunday) forenoon.

Scottish burghs have now the authority of the Board of Agriculture to take possession of unoccupied land for growing foodstuffs.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

EVERYTHING IS CLEAN AND "SHIPSHAPE" ON WASH-DAY WHEN SUNLIGHT SOAP IS USED.

The word "Shipshape" carries our thoughts to the Sunlight Ships that bring raw materials direct from our Plantations to Port Sunlight, and enable us to reduce the war-time cost of transport. The full benefit of this saving is given to the British Housewife, for the price of

SUNLIGHT SOAP

IS REDUCED TO 3½D. Per 12-oz. Tablet. 4½D. Per 1-lb. Tablet.

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IS REDUCED TO 4D. Per Large Doublet. 2D. Per Smaller Doublet.

The name Lever on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

S 227—34

Dundee Women's War Relief Committee have received from Mr George Draffen a barrow from which meals and refreshments will be given to soldiers passing through Tay Bridge Station.

Edinburgh is at present even more overcrowded in its housing accomodation than Glasgow. Workers coming to Rosyth from England have overflowed into the city, and are sharing houses.

The Scottish Command Orders state that owing to outbreaks of measles at Beauly and Inverness these places are placed out of bounds to all troops on leave, pending further instructions.

HOW ENGLISH ARMY OFFICER'S WIDOW KILLED ALL HER SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

By Special Arrangement, She Offers Free Full Instructions how She Eradicated Hideous Growths on Face and Arms after 20 Years' Failures with Electricity, Liquids, Powders, and Pastes.

Remarkable Secret of the Hindoo Religion, now Exposed Freely for the First Time, Enables any Lady to be Rid of Superfluous Hair For Ever.

Through the generosity of Mrs. Frederica Hudson, widow of Surgeon-Major Hudson of the Indian Army, any lady can now secure quick, complete, and permanent relief from the curse of Superfluous Hair.

Here is Mrs. Hudson's story:—"For years I was sorely afflicted with a heavy moustache, several tufts of beard, and a hideous hairy covering on my arms. Like many others, I wasted a small fortune on the various preparations advertised, all of which made my growth all the worse. I also submitted to the terrible electric needle, but found that for every hair thus destroyed at least two came back in its place. My husband, who was Surgeon-Major in the British Army in India, discovered (as anyone can learn by consulting the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' and other standard works) that Hindoo women are forbidden by their religion to have hair on any part of the body except their head. Even the faintest trace of hair on lip, chin, or arms would for ever ostracise a Hindoo woman. The Hindoo method of destroying hair, however, has always been a closely-guarded religious secret, but just before his own death my husband saved the life of a converted Native Soldier, and persuaded him to reveal the secret of the Hindoo Hair Destroyer. My husband gave me the entire formula. I tried it. The very first application made the hair weak and withery-looking. In a few days the hair entirely disappeared, and since then I have never had a trace of hair to show. And so, having found that this remarkable remedy absolutely killed my heavy moustache, the coarse tufts of hair on my face, and the heavy covering on my arms, from which I suffered 20 years' humiliation, I want every woman to have the benefit of the secret which my poor husband secured for me.

"So write me to-day, sending me your name and address (please state whether Mrs. or Miss), together with two penny stamps for postage, and I will send you free full and complete instructions so that you need never have any trace of superfluous hair to annoy you again for the rest of your life. Address—Frederica Hudson, Suite 2318, 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W."

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Officer in the British Army, so you can write her with entire confidence. Address as above.—Advt.

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WHEN RUN DOWN

or weakened by illness, ANDERSON'S QUININE & IRON TONIC comes as a welcome reinforcement to aid you in renewing the battle of life. It does it successfully. Sold in bottles at 1s 3d and 2s 3d each at

JAS. ANDERSON'S DUNDEE DRUG STORES

76-74 COMMERCIAL ST., DUNDEE.

The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines, &c., of Best Quality at Minimum Prices.

SKIN CHALLENGE—I, John A. Campbell, Herbalist and Skin Remedy Expert, Springhill Cottage, 898 Pollokshaws Road, S.F., Glasgow (Estd. 1889), hereby claim that my Domino Brand Ointment (formerly known as Gipsy Ointment) is the best ever discovered, and offer to test it against any other reputed Skin Cure in existence for £100. Guaranteed to cure most hopeless cases of Eczema, Psoriasis, Lupus, Ringworm, Abscesses, Ulcers, Leg-Sores, Pimply Face, Piles, &c. Trifling cases, if neglected, often end in Cancer or Leprosy, alarming present increase. First dressing cures burning pain and intense itching or money back. Jars, 1s 3d, by post 1s 6d; 3 jars (in one), 5s post free. A big saving, usually enough for worse cases. (Letter orders posted by return.)

This beautiful 9ct. GOLD SHELL RING, engraved with any Regimental or Naval Crest, either Ladies' or Gent.'s size, for P.O. 2/6 (guaranteed for 5 years), or Half-Marked Gold Ring, 12s 6d. It is made by SIMS & MAYER, which is a sufficient guarantee as to its wearing quality. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue of Gold Shell Jewellery. To get the size, cut a hole in a piece of cardboard, to fit tightly over the knuckle of your finger.—Address—SIMS & MAYER (Dept. 93), 22, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

X INDICATES MATCH OFF.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Aberdeen,	0	Clyde,	1
Celtic,	1	Dumbarton,	1
Dundee,	2	Ayr United,	1
Falkirk,	4	Hamilton Aca.,	0
Hibernian,	2	Kilmarnock,	1
Morton,	4	Queen's Park,	2
Motherwell,	2	St Mirren,	1
Raith Rovers,	1	Hearts,	4
Rangers,	3	Partick Thistle,	0
Third Lanark,	1	Airdrieonians,	0

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Vale of Leven,	1	Albion Rovers,	0

WESTERN CUP.

Clydebank,	3	Abercorn,	1
Arthurlie,	1	Stevenston United,	1

INTER-COUNTY LEAGUE.

Dumbarton Harp,	0	Renton,	0

PENMAN CUP.

Cowdenbeath,	2	Dunfermline Athletic,	2

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP—Undecided Tie.

Parkhead,	2	Kilsyth Emmet,	0

EASTERN CUP.

St Bernard,	3	Broxburn United,	0

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Cambuslang Rangers,	1	Petershill,	1
Maryhill,	2	Benburb,	1
Ashfield,	4	Clydebank Juniors,	2
Vale of Clyde,	1	Pollok,	1
Glencairn,	1	Larkhall Thistle,	0
Strathclyde,	5	Bellshill Athletic,	2
Perthshire,	1	Rob Roy,	1

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Thornliebank,	1	Renfrew Juniors,	4
St Mirren Juniors,	2	Glaboig Cameronians,	1
St Anthony's,	5	Kilsyth Rangers,	2
Oatlands,	1	Neilston Victoria,	4
Burnbank Athletic,	2	Croy Celtic,	0
Yoker Athletic,	x	Blantyre Victoria,	x

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

Lancashire Section.

Blackburn Rovers,	5	Bolton Wanderers,	1
Blackpool,	1	Everton,	1
Bury,	1	Preston North End,	2
Liverpool,	3	Manchester United,	3
Manchester City,	2	Rochdale,	1
Southport Central,	3	Port Vale,	1
Stockport County,	1	Burnley,	0
Stoke,	4	Oldham Athletic,	0

Midland Section.

Birmingham,	1	Notts Forest,	0
Bradford,	2	Barnsley,	1
Huddersfield,	0	Bradford City,	0
Hull City,	3	Chesterfield Town,	1
Lincoln City,	0	Sheffield United,	2
Notts County,	2	Grimsby Town,	3
Rotherham County,	1	Leicester Fosse,	0
Sheffield Wednesday,	2	Leeds City,	2

London Combination.

Fulham,	1	Arsenal,	0
Watford,	4	Crystal Palace,	3
Portsmouth,	0	Chelsea,	3
Q.P. Rangers,	1	Luton,	4
Clapton Orient,	5	Brentford,	1
West Ham United,	2	Southampton,	1

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Celtic,	23	16	0	7	44	8	39
Morton,	25	17	4	4	49	27	38
Rangers,	23	16	3	4	45	12	36
Airdrieonians,	25	11	7	7	40	27	29
Third Lanark,	23	11	6	6	30	23	28
St Mirren,	24	11	8	5	34	27	27
Partick Thistle,	23	11	7	5	31	18	27
Kilmarnock,	25	11	10	4	39	30	26
Dumbarton,	24	9	9	6	39	48	24
Falkirk,	25	8	9	8	38	33	24
Clyde,	22	6	5	11	28	29	23
Ayr United,	25	9	11	5	32	36	23
Motherwell,	25	9	12	4	40	45	22
Hearts,	25	9	15	1	26	40	19
Hibernian,	25	5	11	9	36	51	19
Hamilton Aca.,	24	6	12	6	25	48	18
Queen's Park,	22	7	12	3	34	47	17
Aberdeen,	25	5	14	6	24	33	16
Dundee,	24	6	15	3	32	49	15
Raith Rovers,	25	4	16	5	25	60	13

WESTERN LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Stevenston United,	17	14	1	2	38	10	30
Vale of Leven,	17	9	5	3	36	19	21
Clydebank,	15	9	4	2	30	19	20
Dumbarton Harp,	13	7	5	1	24	16	15
Abercorn,	14	5	4	5	22	18	15
Johnstone,	16	5	7	4	23	30	14
Renton,	15	2	6	7	17	26	11
Albion Rovers,	16	3	8	5	17	24	11
Dykehead,	11	3	5	3	14	22	9
Arthurlie,	14	3	8	3	15	26	9
Wishaw Thistle,	11	3	6	2	11	22	8
Royal Albert,	11	1	5	5	11	26	7

EASTERN LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Cowdenbeath,	14	10	1	3	41	16	23
St Bernard,	15	10	4	1	34	14	21
East Fife,	10	7	2	1	17	4	15
Armadale,	13	5	4	4	21	22	14
Dundee Hibs,	15	6	8	1	27	30	13
East Stirlingshire,	11	4	4	3	23	23	11
Dunfermline,	13	5	7	1	17	24	11
Broxburn,	11	3	6	2	10	21	8
Bathgate,	13	3	8	2	18	31	8
Lochgelly United,	11	1	10	0	7	30	2

TIPS FOR NEXT SATURDAY.

Clyde are at home to Partick Thistle. The Reds for both points.

Dundee and Hearts meet at Dens Park. Take the homesters for this.

Queen's Park are at Brockville Park. Falkirk will beat them.

Hibs have Dumbarton at Easter Road. Never mind the draw at Celtic Park, back the Greens.

Kilmarnock will be top dog at Rugby Park, where Aberdeen are the visitors. Motherwell play Ayr United at Fir Park. This is good enough for a draw.

St Mirren travel to Stark's Park. I fancy the Saints. Rangers will whip Hamilton Academicals at Ibrox. Third Lanark have Celtic at Cathkin Park. Both points for the visitors.

Morton will overcome the Airdriconians at Greenock.

My English fancies are:—Lancashire Section—Bolton Wanderers will lose to Manchester City, Burnley will beat Bury, and Port Vale and Blackburn Rovers will draw. Liverpool will whip Blackpool, Manchester United will beat Stockport County, and Oldham Athletic will lose to Southport Central. Preston North End will overcome Stoke, and Rochdale will lose to Everton.

Midland Section—Barnsley to beat Birmingham, Bradford City to beat Lincoln City, Chesterfield and Notts County to draw, Grimsby Town will lose to Rotherham County, Leeds City to beat Bradford, Leicester Fosse and Huddersfield Town to draw, Notts Forest and Hull City to draw, Sheffield United to lose to Sheffield Wednesday.

London Combination—Bradford to lose to Fulham, Arsenal to beat Watford, Southampton to beat Portsmouth, Tottenham to beat West Ham United, Luton and Millwall to draw, Crystal Palace to lose to Queen's Park Rangers, Chelsea to beat Clapton Orient.

HEARTS WEAVE A NEW LINOLEUM PATTERN AT STARK'S PARK.

"JOCKY" SIMPSON FILLS THE BILL AT BROCKVILLE AGAINST HAMILTON ACADEMICALS.

WHY QUEEN'S FAILED AT GREENOCK—RANGERS' SPORTY ACTION AT IBROX—CELTIC LOSE THEIR SHOOTING BOOTS.

Good football was not possible at Dens Park owing to the slippery condition of portions of the ground. The result was that Dundee's match with Ayr United, who were beaten by the odd goal in three, was not very entertaining, especially in the second half.

The antics of some of the players among the thin ice and water were certainly funny, but only from the spectators' point of view. The start was sensational, for Brown scored in a minute. White should have saved, and unfortunately he made another mistake not long afterwards, failing to hold a shot by Stirling. The visiting goalie found it very difficult to keep his feet, but he atoned for this error by making some extremely good saves as the game proceeded. Ayr United rallied as the game went on. The ground was treacherous, and really the best men were those who could maintain their balance. Marshall got through for the visitors after a mix-up among the Dundee defenders, some of whom were reclining in horizontal positions, when the centre rushed in and banged the ball into the net. There was no further scoring, but in the second half Dundee missed several splendid chances, chiefly worked for by Herron, who played with surprising vigour. Steven missed an open goal, and Brown was not as steady as he might have been. Baxter, a local lad, made his debut for Dundee, and played very creditably. Waddell, for Ayr United, deserves a special word of praise, for he worked hard for the equaliser. On one occasion he struck the upright with a fine shot.

The defenders on both sides were good. Dundee won the game as the result of more enterprise, shown under very trying conditions, but they ought to have made the issue more secure in the second half.

Result:—Dundee, 2; Ayr United, 1.

Dundee—Bower; Baxter and Burns; M'Intosh, Thornton, and Stirling; Herron, Murray, Brown, M'Culloch, and Steven.

Ayr United—White; W. Cringan and Hay; Waddell, Barr, and M'Laughlan; Ingram, Crosbie, Marshall, Shankley, and Yule.

THE WARRIORS WIN.

Third Lanark and Airdrieonians met at Cathkin Park. The first half was well contested, and although combination was seldom seen the individual efforts were good. Brownlie was first called upon, but Bernard had the first real hard work, which he did in clever fashion. It was a period of attack and counter-attack, with Thirds just a little bit better balanced. M'Lean was the usual forager, and a great shot struck the bar, with Bernard well beaten. Airdrie's play suggested possibilities, but with the players indulging in close, tricky work Brownlie had nothing to be alarmed at. Thirds were out for goals, and to a great extent Airdrie helped them. When Thirds' goal came it was deserved on the play leading up to it, Weir accepting a pass from Bissett, and beating Watson close in, gave Bernard no chance. The method adopted in scoring should have been an object lesson to Airdrie, but they failed to profit by it, and many good runs were spoiled at the finish by the lack of initiative. Rankine was given an open field on several occasions, and carried out his part of the programme to the letter, but when his crosses arrived, instead of shooting, the other forwards elected to do some fancy work on their own. M'Cormack and Mackie, however, were not disposed to stand by and see the pattern finished behind Brownlie, and all the good work was wasted. Half-time—Thirds, 1; Airdrie, 0.

Thirds' opening of the second half suggested a swamping of the visitors, and Bissett almost counted with a fine shot, which, however, struck the upright and went past. For a time Airdrie had to be content defending, and pluckily they carried out their work, which was made a little easier by Thirds' over-anxiety. So far as judgment went Airdrie were poor. Their halves seldom gave the forwards a chance to make headway, most of their clearances going to the feet of an opponent. Thirds' anxiety to increase their lead proved their undoing to a great extent, their defence seeming to keep in view the possibility of Airdrie getting the equaliser. For about ten minutes both sides gave a fair display, but the inclination to get at the player instead of the ball did not help towards the more paying aspect of the game. Near the close the equaliser seemed in the grasp of Airdrie, but a little slackness on the part of the inside players gave Brownlie the chance to clear. He had another difficult shot to save, but difficulties appear comparatively easy to him, and he got the ball away with an Airdrie player careering into the net in an effort to get Brownlie over the line. All through Thirds showed just that little confidence which proved sufficient to pull them through. Brownlie was as usual, with M'Cormack and Mackie safe, and Weir, Bissett, and M'Lean best in front. Airdrie spoiled any chance they may have had by too close tactics, instead of getting the ball away and to the best advantage. Bernard, Donaldson, the three halves, and Yarnell were all hard workers, the keeper carrying off principal honours.

Third Lanark, 1; Airdrieonians, 0.

Thirds—Brownlie; M'Cormack and Mackie; Walker, Hannah, and Brown; Bissett, Weir, M'Lean, Sutherland, and Thomson.

Airdrie—Bernard; M'Donald and Watson; Knox, Kennedy, and M'Kerley; Rankin, Anderson, Yarnell, W. Anderson, and Paterson.

THE QUEEN'S AT GREENOCK.

Weak finishing spoiled Queen's Park's chances at Greenock, otherwise the Amateurs played a clever game, and were extremely lively in the second half, when they got two goals, one from a penalty kick. The game, which attracted 6000 onlookers, provided much attractive football, and Morton, displaying much vim, and shooting well, found themselves early in a comfortable position. Gourlay opened the scoring with a neat header after ten minutes. Stevenson followed up by adding another, and the same player again drew cheers by getting a third goal. A. L. Morton's speed on the Queen's left proved troublesome to Morrison and M'Intyre, and his raids were a feature of the second half.

The closing period found both teams full of dash, and Queen's were exceptionally bright. A penalty came their way, which Thorpe converted. At the other end Gourlay was brought down when almost through. Seymour converted early. M'Diarmid was a hard worker for the visitors, and he well deserved the goal which came some time later. There was plenty of vigour in the concluding stages; and the backs of both teams showed fine resource and defended stubbornly. Morton were the better side, and deserved their win. Gourlay was in capital form, although all the Greenock forwards were good. Wright was superb at centre half, and M'Diarmid got few scoring chances. Queen's Park showed up well on the whole, but lacked the necessary weight to carry them through.

Morton, 4; Queen's Park, 2.

Morton — Bradford; Morrison and Ormonde; M'Intyre, Wright, and M'Lean; Grant, Gourlay, Parker, Stevenson, and Seymour.

Queen's Park—R. Ward; P. Thorpe and J. Neilson; C. Boyce, A. Cowan, and A. Ford; W. Aitken, H. M'Millan, R. M'Diarmid, D. Templeton, and A. L. Morton.

CELTS' DESPERATE EFFORT.

Celts had Dumbarton at Parkhead, before 8000. It was a hard game, with Celts in the end getting it hard enough to get away with one of the points. Dumbarton had out the same team that licked the Clyde, while Celtic dropped O'Kane for Adam M'Lean, a juvenile from the Anderston Thornbank, and he supported M'Atee. Celts at the start made the running. Semple nipped up a M'Menemy pass; and M'Coll waded through, only to be called up by Miller. Youngster M'Lean made a good beginning. The first real chance came from his foot to M'Menemy, who shoved it on to Browning, but the winger shot over the bar when he had the option. It was much the same all the first period. Celts played quite a nice game in the open, but they seldom showed tactics which looked like catching the Sons' defence. Their finishing was well off, and when on the sting was awanting. M'Grory and Semple took everything that was going first time, and Miller behind them was in the pink. The first half can be written down as the Celt's.

Dumbarton's share this half was a few raids by Ritchie, but Shaw's work was largely the back-pass game from his backs.

Celts started the second half as they left off. They pressed to some tune without being able to drive home. M'Coll and M'Lean swopped places, with no better results; and still looking for a happy solution M'Menemy changed with M'Coll. Still there was nothing doing. Then came the unexpected, and Dumbarton opened the scoring. It was their first really bright move, and it was a good one. Thom it was who forced a flag kick off M'Nair. From the kick Ritchie crossed, and Travers sent to Cairney. The centre, without hesitation, let fly a deceptive shot, and beat Charlie Shaw all the way. This was fifteen minutes after the restart, and the fat was in the fire. Celts were desperate, and it was a game struggle for supremacy. The tactics were not always clean. Joe Dodds had his hands full with Ritchie, the Dumbarton winger, but he might have tempered his methods somewhat. It was ragtime footer, but the Sons stuck to their guns till ten minutes from time, when M'Coll rammed home the equalising goal. What a scene! There was half a dozen players grassed, with Miller pawing the air to get at a ball which had already beaten him. It was quite a good goal, and long overdue on the run of play. Celts went out to win outright, but failed to manage it, and Dumbarton have all the credit of a division. For Celts, I put M'Nair down as the star. He was great when his side was down. M'Stay was the better half. M'Atee and M'Menemy were the best forwards. M'Lean had neither height, weight, nor experience to lead the attack when shifted in the latter half, but he'll come all right. Miller proved his worth for Dumbarton. M'Grory and Semple were a good pair of never-say-dies. Raeside best half; Ritchie easily the outstanding forward.

Result:—Celtic, 1; Dumbarton, 1.

Celtic—Shaw; M'Nair and Dodds; Wilson, M'Stay, and Brown; M'Atee, M'Lean (Thornbank), M'Coll, M'Menemy, and Browning.

Dumbarton — Miller; M'Grory and Semple, Travers, Raeside, and Reid; Ritchie, M'Kim, Cairney, Baird, and Thom.

FALKIRK'S FOUR GOALS.

It is many moons since Hamilton Academicals won at Brockville Park against the Bairns. Falkirk, who were at the same strength as against Partick Thistle (plus Stewart), opened well, but Corcoran and Murphy were soon busy with Donaldson, to whose assistance Orrock promptly came. Jocky Simpson danced round the defence, and sent the ball magnificently to the foot of Croal, who made very bad use of the chance. A. Comrie fastened on the leather, and with a long left-footer he netted, to the obvious surprise of Craig, who seemed glued to the spot, and never lifted hand nor foot to save the situation. Most of the Hamilton work was being done by the right wingers, Kyle and M'Neil being unaccountably slack. They generally found their stopping place at Harvie or Orrock. Falkirk's second goal was got by Simpson in masterly fashion. The ball was driven forward at express speed by Croal. No one but a Simpson could have reached that, and the touch of another foot would probably not have found the mark. Craig was beaten to the wide—and no disgrace to him. The goal was the effort of the day. Although a brace of goals down, the Acas put up quite a good fight. Harvie gave away a penalty for "hands," and when Stewart caught M'Neil's shot low down at the post the Acas began to think there was "nae luck aboot the hoose," which was later emphasised when D. Comrie rather softly counted number three with a header, off a free kick by Shearer.

The play in the early stages of the second half gave one the impression that the Acas would reduce the leeway, and they certainly would have "got there," but for brilliant defensive tactics on the part of Orrock, Donaldson, and Stewart. Their outfield work was smart and good, but that defence they could not penetrate. Simpson filled the bill this half, and with him out of the forward rank the Acas would have been the better lot. It was off one of his many crosses that D. Comrie, in the last five minutes, beat Craig for a fourth time. Falkirk won because they showed more purpose in their attack, and because their halves were well ahead of the Acas midline.

Result:—Falkirk, 4; Hamilton Accies, 0.

Falkirk—Stewart; Orrock and Donaldson; Harvie, A. Comrie, and M'Millan; Simpson, Watson, D. Comrie, Croal, and Shearer.

Hamilton Academicals—Craig; Robertson and A. Millar; Paterson, Graham, and M'Lennan; Corcoran, Murphy, Kelly, Kyle, and M'Neil.

INCIDENTS AT IBROX.

In the Rangers-Thistle match at Ibrox three notable "Jags" were absent—Adams, Durnan, and Leitch. Rangers were minus Cairns. The ground was damp and the ball greasy. Consequently miskicks were common.

In two twos Rangers were a goal up. The forwards dashed along. Bulloch repulsed them. The ball went to the right. It was swung in to Riddell, the Light Blues' pivot. He fired a fast shot, which went whizzing into the far corner of the net, with Ferguson beaten to the wide. The "Jags" got a surprise. Indeed, surprise was general. But it was a well-taken goal.

Just after this the Thistle were very dangerous, and when Morrison, their inside left, got the ball, almost under Hempsey's nose, the equaliser seemed sure. He bungled, however, and the cause was the break down of the knee which had given him so much trouble. Morrison limped to the pavilion again, not to reappear. But Rangers, with fine sporting spirit, allowed the "Jags" to introduce M'Intyre, and so the fight was fought with eleven men aside.

Play did not touch a high standard. Honeyman squared grandly, and Whittle had a good but futile try with his head. M'Mullan ripped in a beauty from a free kick, Hempsey saving at the expense of a barren corner. Uneventful end to end play followed, with glaring blunders occurring on both sides pretty often, but none led to any gain. Scott Duncan squared clean into the Thistle's goalmouth, and Croot had hard lines, his shot striking the bar and rebounding into play. A little later Martin missed a glorious chance from a Scott Duncan pass. Rangers kept on the pressure. They forced corners, but the "Jags'" defence stood firm, Ferguson making two grand saves close on the interval.

The second period stirred little enthusiasm. Thistle should have scored through Whittle, but he was a yard too slow. Rangers had the nippier attack, and as the game went on the Thistle defence seemed to falter a little. C. Duncan bagged two goals for the homesters in fairly quick succession, and the "Jags," failing utterly in the danger zone, were well beaten.

It was a poor game. A number of stars did not shine—Scott Duncan, Bowie, M'Tavish, for example. Both Manderson and Blair were erratic. Rangers' half-backs were just so-so. M'Mullan, the Thistle left half, was the best middleman on the field. And Bulloch was the best back. That couple fairly had the measure of Scott Duncan and Bowie. Honeyman was the best Thistle forward. Whittle was off song.

Rangers, 3; Partick Thistle, 0.

Rangers—Hempsey; Manderson and Blair; Pursell, Riddell, and M'Kenna; S. Duncan, Bowie, C. Duncan, Martin, and Croot.

Partick Thistle—Ferguson; J. Harris and Bulloch; N. Harris, Gardiner, and M'Mullan; Honeyman, M'Tavish, Whittle, Morrison, and Bowie.

KILMARNOCK'S LUCK OUT.

To lose at Easter Road was hard luck on the Ayrshire club. They started with a vim and earnestness which looked like bringing out a favourable result. Fulton was in the picture to start with. He tricked the opposition smartly, and crossed neatly on occasion. Armstrong was eager to open the scoring, but stumbled up against Patterson in one of his best moods. The latter, by successful heading and tackling, did much to circumvent the Ayrshire forwards during the early portion of the game.

When the Hibs got moving, firstly through Lennie, and latterly through Campbell, there was nothing in their play to suggest an early lead, but that was exactly what they accomplished. The opening work of the first goal came from Campbell, who tricked Mitchell rather smartly, and sent across a ball from which either Moonie or Fleming might have counted. Both failed, but the leather came to Lennie, and Blair was powerless to save from the latter.

Hibs seemed to have developed a better game at this point, Campbell doing tricky and effective work on the left. His crosses were always a source of danger to the Killie defence. After Blair had fielded a couple of the left winger's direct shots, Lennie, lying close in, got hold of another, and with a first time effort gave Blair no chance. It was only then that Killie apparently realised their position, but, try as they would, they could not beat the Hibs' defence. A strongly-sustained fusilade just prior to the interval saw Smith and Rutherford with rare scoring chances, but their luck was out, and they crossed over two goals to the bad.

They resumed in determined fashion, but hard luck and scoring inability followed them. In outfield play Kilmarnock were the masters, but up against Paterson, Dornan, and M'Manus they failed. M'Phail developed successful raids, and crossed frequently during the second half. Ultimately Fulton caught a rebound from one of the left winger's crosses, and reduced the leeway by one. This was all they could do. Hibs slackened off, and but for their sturdy defence might have been goals behind. Hibs' defenders were in great form, M'Manus, Dornan, and Paterson being outstanding. Campbell's first display was excellent, but the others were moderate. Moonie has something to learn ere he can be styled a centre forward. Killie's bright spots were Patrick, Goldie, Fulton, and M'Phail. Their inside forwards were weak, and their wing halves too easily rounded.

Hibernian, 2; Kilmarnock, 1.

Hibs—M'Manus; Borthwick and Dornan; Templeton, Patterson, and Gordon; Lennie, Fleming, Moonie, Muirhead, and Campbell.

Kilmarnock—Blair; Mitchell and Patrick; Henderson, Goldie, and Mackie; Fulton, Smith, Armstrong, Rutherford, and

Mr Tom Robertson, the well-known referee and ex-Internationalist, and his soldier son, who has won the D.C.M.

From nine sports meetings last season the Western handed over £800 to war funds. This warrants a continuancy, Mr Copland.

RAITH ROVERS' MISFORTUNES.

Raith Rovers' fine record of two draws and three wins in their last five matches was sadly broken. Hearts trounced the Rovers on their own ground by four goals to one. The margin was perhaps a trifle bigger than the run of the game warranted, but the Hearts were undoubtedly the superior team, and their victory was well won. Misfortune for the Rovers began with the absence of Forrest and Currie from the half-back line, and followed them when first Wilson and then Rattray were injured, Raith playing with ten men for twenty minutes in each half. The start of the game was sensational. The Hearts ran right through the Raith defence, and Cartmell scored from close range. The Rovers' goal ran several narrow escapes before the Hearts' initial attack was grappled with. Then the Raith forwards swarmed in on Black's charge. Kiernan fouled the ball, and Wilson equalised. Hearts' forwards were always more dangerous than the Raith five, Denyer and Cartmell being very clever, while Gibson, the Hearts' centre, though slow and ponderous-looking, was always in the right place, and scored a good goal before the interval.

The second half found the Hearts putting up one of the best displays seen on Stark's Park this season, and Denyer and Cartmell each scored a splendid goal. The most striking contrast between the teams was at half-back. The disjointed and streaky display given by Hutcheson, Inglis, and Abbott, for Raith Rovers, was not nearly in the same class as the cool and masterly work of Mercer, Nellies, and Ross. The Hearts' superiority in the mid-line, and the absence of Wilson and Rattray from the Raith van, were the main factors in the result. In the other departments the teams were well matched.

Raith Rovers, 1; Hearts, 4.

Raith Rovers—Neish; Robson and Muir; Hutchison, Inglis, and Abbott; Archibald, Lindsay, Rattray, Wilson, and Gibson.

Hearts — Black; Keirnan and M'Lean; Nellies, Mercer, and Ross; Sharp, M'Ewen, Gibson, Denyer, and Cartnell.

'WELL UP.

St Mirren, although defeated by the odd goal in three, left a distinctly favourable impression at Fir Park, Motherwell. They are a solid-going side, who went under more because of the brilliance of the opposing halves than on account of any weakness attributable to any division of their team. With Frank Kelly recovered from the effects of his recent injury, Motherwell started confidently. Certainly the attack moved smoothly, while the vigorous breaking-up tactics of the home intermediates discounted all St Mirren's attempts at combination. As the game progressed St Mirren showed to considerable advantage, and the pace set up was fast. It was the Paisley team's luck to score the opening goal, although the success might as easily have come the way of Motherwell and been equally merited. Marshall gave A. Brown a chance, and the left-winger made no mistake with a fast low shot.

Motherwell restarted in purposeful fashion. It was at this stage that the meritorious work of M'Stey, Brown, and Stewart was convincingly evidenced, and it was a fitting culmination to a superb display that Centre-Half Brown should score the equaliser. Once on level terms Motherwell seemed set on gaining the ascendancy, and Frank Kelly caught up a timely pass and rushed the ball past Hillcoat. As in the first moiety it was in the latter stages of the concluding moiety that St Mirren came boldly into the picture. They made determined efforts to get on terms of equality, but Rundell and his backs were invincible. The end came with the Saints still struggling for the equaliser. Motherwell as a whole did well, but the particular stars were Brown, Ferguson, Morgan, and Murray. For St Mirren, Hillcoat, Callaghan, Walls, Higginbotham, and A. Brown were very good.

Motherwell, 2; St Mirren, 1.

Motherwell—Rundell; Finlayson and Murray; M'Stay, Brown, and Stewart; Kelly, King, Ferguson, Gray, and Morgan.

St Mirren—Hillcoat; Reid and Callaghan; Brown, Dixon, and Walls; Higginbotham, Pringle, Marshall, Lindsay, and A. Brown.

DONS PIPPED AT PITTODRIE.

A strong wind affected play at Pittodrie in the Aberdeen-Clyde match, but if there were mistakes on both sides on that account there was no doubt that Clyde deserved their victory. What advantage lay with the wind was with Clyde in the first half, but it took them some time to gauge the breeze. They gradually asserted their superiority, however, and by clever offensive and defensive play got their reward. Lindsay was the medium, but he was a trifle lucky, for a dance drive by M'Ghee from far out caught the crossbar, and a cinch was presented to the pivot. Anderson being unable to recover in time from his attempt to stop the half-back's effort. Aberdeen were often enough in the aggressive, but they were faced by a cast iron defence, and their finishing was far from meritorious.

Even on resuming the tables were not turned so much as was expected, for although Aberdeen appeared more frequently in the role of aggressors yet Clyde were usually more dangerous when they got away. Simmons was frequently in the picture after the resumption, but the cleverness of the forwards as a whole was nullified by a tendency of more than one of them to get inside. Play in the closing stages was almost entirely in the Aberdonians' favour, and they did everything but score. Shingleton was more than once very fortunate to keep his charge intact. Clyde were splendidly served by their forwards, but their scoring was really confined to Thomson and Shimmons, the latter being the best player on the field. M'Ghee was the pick of the half-backs, and Cowan and Farrell were splendid. Aberdeen's defence was as usual very sound, Anderson displaying great confidence and judgment. The halves were moderately good, with Brewster the best. While Paton, Walker, Cail, and Wyllie did some clever things.

Aberdeen, 0; Clyde, 1.

Aberdeen — Anderson; Coleman, and Alder; Berry, Brewster, and Robertson; Paton, Walker, Ambler, Cail, and Wyllie.

Clyde — Shingleton; Cowan and Farrell; Walker, M'Ghie, and Forrest; Morris, Cowan, Lindsay, Thomson, and Shimmons.

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On the accompanying form you will find a list of fifteen matches which are to be played on Saturday, January 27.

Strike out in ink the name of the club you think will lose. If in your opinion any game will end in a draw leave the name of both competing teams.

In the event of any of the matches not being played or being abandoned or postponed the prize of £100 will not be awarded, but the offer of the consolation prize will still hold.

Any reader may send in as many efforts as may be desired, but each forecast must be written on a separate form. These forms, together with any used from the "Weekly News," may be posted in one envelope.

Any entry form on which an alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

Each competitor must give his or her real address, and must write his or her signature and address in ink.

In all matters relating to this competition the Editor's decision is final and legally binding, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED ON JANUARY 27.

Rochdale	v. Everton
Oldham Athletic	v. Southport C.
Port Vale	v. Blackburn R.
Preston N.E.	v. Stoke
Barnsley	v. Birmingham.
Sheffield United	v. Sheffield Wed.
Grimsby Town	v. Rotherham C.
Leeds City	v. Bradford.
Tottenham H.	v. West Ham U.
Luton	v. Millwall.
Brentford	v. Fulham.
Clyde	v. Partick This.
Dundee	v. Hearts.
Morton	v. Airdrieonians.
Third Lanark	v. Celtic.

I enter this competition in accordance with the printed conditions in "The Post Sunday Special," and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signature, ...

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This competition is run in conjunction with the "Weekly News."

The Editor cannot accept responsibility for the loss or non-delivery of any entry form, and will not accept proof of postage as proof of receipt or delivery.

No correspondence can be entered into in connection with the competition.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any entry, but agrees not to disqualify any entry without good and sufficient reason.

Entries must be sent by post addressed to £100 Results Editor," "The Post Sunday Special" Office, 138 Port-Dundas Road, Glasgow, and posted so that they reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday, January 24.

GLASGOW MAN WINS £100 PRIZE.

Our £100 Prize for forecasting fifteen correct results of football matches played on January 13 has been won outright this week. The fortunate individual is Mr James Ogston, 29 Kinmount Avenue, Mount Florida, Glasgow.

Mr Ogston made his entry on a "Post Sunday Special" form, although he also had an entry on a "Weekly News" form. He was naturally delighted at winning the big prize.

"Most of it," he told our representative, "will go into the Victory War Loan, because it is the duty of everyone to assist their country at the present stage."

At the outbreak of the war Mr Ogston, who is in the wholesale jewellery business, was one of the first to join the colours in August, 1914, but after three months' training with the K.O.S.B. his health broke down, and he received his discharge from the army. He spent four years of his life in Toronto, Canada, and a brother of his came over from Canada, joining up with the Scottish Rifles.

Mr Ogston said he had no particular system in filling up his entry form. It is just a case of studying form and making an allowance for that element of surprise so incidental to the game of football.

Hearts and Hibs finished on the right side.

Clyde won at the Far North, and were full value.

The Spiders' number was taken down at

[illegible]

Duguid Morrison was not able to stand the strain at Ibrox, and Rangers allowed a sub to take the field. Good sports.

CLYDEBANK CLEVER.

The Western Cup game between Clydebank and Abercorn at Clydeholm, had a sensational opening, Boulger scoring for the home team in a minute. From this right on to the end of the first period Clydebank predominated. Barring a few spasmodic efforts Abercorn were practically held to their own territory, but, notwithstanding the continuous pressure, it was not until well on in the game that Shortt secured the homesters' second goal, which completed the scoring in the first half.

The game had not long resumed when Shortt again netted for Clydebank. The visitors then buckled to, and a ding-dong struggle ensued, Abercorn's display showing a vast improvement. Time and again R. Spiers all but got there on his own, but it was left to Howie to break down Clydebank's defence and score Abercorn's only goal. Best for the homesters were Shortt, Boulger, Neish, Taylor, and Ferguson, and for the visitors, R. Speirs, Wightman, Lamb, M'Gregor, and J. Speirs.

Clydebank, 3; Abercorn, 1.

VALE OF LEVEN'S VICTORY.

Vale of Leven were easily the better side in their Western League game with Albion Rovers at Millburn Park. In the first half it was largely a case of the Vale forwards versus the Rovers' defence. Hudson, the Rovers' keeper was at the top of his form, his saving being a feature of the game.

In the second half the Rovers improved slightly. M'Crae scored the Vale's only goal in fifteen minutes. It was notched from close range. Hudson, the Rovers' goalkeeper, gave a brilliant display, and was well backed by Ewing, Crossan, Thom, Webster, and Ralston while the men who excelled for the Vale were Robb, Clark, Bone, Cameron, Sloan, Anderson and Brander.

Vale, 1; Albion Rovers, 0.

A DRAW AT DUMBARTON.

Dumbarton Harp and Renton met in an Inter-County League game at Meadow Park. It was a keenly contested game. The defence on each side was equal to the forwards, with the result that the respective goalkeepers were equal to any shots which came their way. Harp should have scored ten minutes from the finish, but the lanky Charlie M'Callum struck the upright for a free kick, and Stewart, catching the rebound, sent the ball wildly past. Best for Harp—M'Bride, Livingstone, M'Callum, Watson, Stewart, Barr, and Robertson; while the outstanding men on the Renton side were Hamilton, M'Cluckie, Dodds, Henderson, Hannah, Rankin, and Haddow. A draw, no goals.

ST BERNARDS BEAT BROXBURN.

St Bernards and Broxburn United met in an Eastern Cup tie at Edinburgh. M'Dougall drew blood for the Saints, who played the better football. Though tackled, he shot as he fell, and found the net. United pressed, but the St Bernards' defence was sure. Couper added a second goal for the Edinburgh team, who led at the interval by 2-0.

The United took up a strong attack immediately the game was resumed, and Kerr had a busy time, Black being particularly lively on the left wing. Against this more sustained attack the St Bernards had some sturdy raids, and in one of these M'Lean found the net, while later Couper had Slavin in trouble. This goal seemed to settle the game, as following which the St Bernards had their opponents well in hand, and, playing nice football in all departments, they confined play to the United's end.

St Bernards, 3; Broxburn United, 0.

CLOSE GAME AT COWDENBEATH.

Dunfermline Athletic and Cowdenbeath met in a replayed Penman Cup tie at Dunfermline.

Cowdenbeath scored through Paterson, who worked his way in, and gave Adams no chance with an oblique shot. The visitors continued to monopolise the play, and the Dunfermline defenders were kept fully occupied, but they stood up well to the severe test. A few minutes later Cowdenbeath forced a corner, and from the kick Paterson headed the ball through. Dunfermline scored from a penalty, Tonner having been unfairly brought down.

Play was very keen on resuming, the homesters striving might and main for the equaliser. Cowdenbeath defended vigorously, but at length Robertson scored for Dunfermline from a scrimmage, and equalised. Play see-sawed from end to end, and both goals ran several narrow escapes.

Dunfermline Athletic, 2; Cowdenbeath, 2.

NEWBURY NAPS.

BY THE COLONEL.

At Newbury next Wednesday in the Ilsley Hurdle The Bore or Lord Ninian is my choice. Wooden Bridge or Kanran takes the Royston 'Chase.

The Hants Hurdle goes to the Guller or Jumps. Elgin or Carol Singer takes the Weyhill Hurdle. In the Lambourn 'Chase Copper Hill or Schoolmoney is my choice, while the Marden 'Chase goes to Kodak or Broomhead. On Thursday, in the Reading 'Chase, Angus or Sweet Tipperary will win. The Donnington Hurdle goes to Old Blue or I'm the Guy.

NEWBURY—Wednesday, January 24.

12.30—The Bore (nap); Lord Ninian next best.
1.0 —Wooden Bridge (nap); Kanran next best.
1.30—The Guller (nap); Jumps next best.
2.0 —Elgon (nap); Carol Singer next best.
2.30—Copper Hill (nap); Schoolmoney next best.
3.0 —Kodak (nap); Broomhead next best.

Thursday, January 25.

12.30—Angus (nap); Sweet Tipperary next best.
1.0 —Old Blue (nap); I'm the Guy next best.
1.30—Limerock (nap); Lord Marcus next best.
2.0 —[illegible] (nap); Regal next best.
2.30—Blockade Runner (nap); Meridian next best.
3.0 —Blueground (nap); Cobbler's Wax next best.

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These testimonials, with photographs, are but a few of the multitude that have been and are being received. The full addresses will be sent to anyone who desires to investigate. Book and full particulars FREE from Edward J. Woods, 10 Norfolk St. (628TB), London, W.C.

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Sidney Street, Hull, writes: "About ten years ago I took a pinch of snuff to ease the toothache, and slowly but surely I became a victim to the dirty habit of snuff taking. Since using your C Treatment I have not had the least desire for snuff or smoke. Your C Treatment is all that you claim for it."

WHIPPETING.

LOCHGELLY HANDICAP.

The weekly handicap was run yesterday afternoon. Snow covered the ground, and the pace was slow. Final—1 Mr Spalding's (Cowdenbeath) Let Fly, 2 Mr Anderson's (Gleneraig) Silver Tag, 3 Mr Murphy's (Lochore) Irish Mail. Betting—Evens Let Fly.

GLASGOW HANDICAP.

The concluding rounds of the handicap commenced last Saturday were completed. 1st semi-final—1 Mr Wilk' Woodbine (23½), 2 Mr Harper's Baker Girl (37½). 2d semi-final—1 Mr Clark's Marmion (33½), 2 Mr M'Guire's Duffer (33½), 3d semi-final—1 Mr Mills' Meg (22), Mr Ryan's Hackler's Pride (27½) and Mr Kildew's Fanny (28½) dead heat for second place. Final—1 Mr Clark's Marmion, 2 Mr Wilk' Woodbine, 3 Mr Harper's Baker Girl and Mr M'Guire's Duffer—dead heat. Also Ran—Meg, Hackler's Pride, and Fanny. Betting—2 to 1 on Marmion, 5 to 2 agst Woodbine, 5 to 1 Baker Girl and Duffer, 12 to 1 others. Won by half a yard.

The preliminary heats of a new handicap were decided. First and second in heats—Mr Cowan's Reliable (42½) and Mr Strawhorn's Bright Star (40½), Mr Smillie's Don't Tell (38) and Mr Thomson's Charlie (36), Mr Bob's Peg o' the Ring (36) and Mr ——'s Bread Winner (32), Mr Campbell's Stand Fast (35) and Mr ——'s Go Bang (36½), Mr Caldwell's Prince of Orange (32½) and Mr Brown's Kilty (36) and Mr M'Ewan's Principal Boy (37)—dead heat, Mr Caldwell's Liz (44) and Mr Smillie's Fishwife (43) and Mr Ginnet's Misfit (43)—dead heat, Mr Scholes' Scout (37) and Mr Cullen's Wee Gallacher (27½), Mr Evans' Whin Bloom (38) and Mr Mailler's Cinders (36½), Mr Murray's Fly Duke (35) and Mr Ferns' Daisy Fair (31), Mr Gray's Innocence (36½) and Harper's Jeanie Deans (42½), Mr Daly's Mischief (36) and Mr Thomson's Kick In (34).

COATBRIDGE HANDICAP.

The usual weekly handicap took place on Mr Richardson's grounds at Coatbridge yesterday afternoon. The weather was good, and capital sport was served up. The final rounds in last week's handicap resulted—1st semi-final—1 Wilson's Jimmy Gordon (35), 2 Galloway's Orangeville (37). 2d semi-final—1 Bowman's Poverty (36), 2 Anderson's Wee Willie (40). Final—1 Jimmy Gordon, 2 Orangeville. Betting—6 to 4 on winner.

Sixteen heats in a new handicap were also contested. Winners—Wilson's Rover (40), M'Cabe's Black Knight (48), Clinton's French Ellen (46), Brown's Prince Albert (47), Taggart's White Squall (33), Gibson's Lad (47), Duncan's Wee Tom (45) and Speirs' Zulu (45)—dead heat, Adams' Mushroom (47), Steel's Mosscheeper (45), M'Callum's Only Lass (38), M'Cue's Expensive (44), Clark's Blood Mixture (36), Wilson's Jean Armour (40), Snedden's Volta (42), M'Keown's Fill Up (42), M'Cabe's Sparkling Kate (44), made up heat—Little Nan.

EDINBURGH HANDICAP.

The entry at Powderhall yesterday showed a sound advance over the previous week's handicap, the number totalling nearly 200, and they were arranged into twenty-eight heats. Winners of second ties—Shield's (Portobello) Christmas Daisy (34), Poden's (Armadale) Davie Lad (33), Dinna Forget, Hogg's (Bonnyrigg) Rigs o' Barley (29), Smith's (Edinburgh) Little Jim (31). Final—1 (£8) Little Jim; £2 divided between the other finalists. Betting—Evens Little Jim, 6 to 4 agst Christmas Daisy, 4 toad Davie Lad, 6 to 1 Dinna Forget, 10 to 1 Rigs o' Barley. The final was principally confined to the two dogs that found most support, the pair running a great race home, inches separating them at the finish. Time, 10½ sec.

BILLIARDS.

NEWMAN.	16,000
FALKINER (receives 800).	14,343

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The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, JANUARY 21, 1917.

EDINBURGH LADY TO WED.

Swaine.

Miss Mary Amelia Jobson, daughter of the late Brigade-Surgeon William Jobson, A.M.D., and the late Mrs Jobson, of 20 Belgrave Crescent, Edinburgh, who is to marry Lieutenant-Colonel F. Gordon Hyland, M.C., Royal Engineers.

EDINBURGH RED CROSS NURSES.

This trio of Edinburgh ladies are devoting themselves to the care of our wounded soldiers. Left to right:—Mrs Ryder, 31 West Maitland Street, Edinburgh; Miss Dickson, 7 Merchiston Avenue, Edinburgh; and Miss Colclough, 26 Pitt Street, Edinburgh. The work accomplished by these ladies is an example of the splendid patriotism exhibited by the fair sex of Edinburgh, for they are doing a wonderful amount of work to make the lot of the wounded Tommies more comfortable and happy, to say nothing of their devoted efforts to bring back to them their health and strength.

HEROINE OF TWO WARS.

Mrs Ruth Bagley, who has just died, served in both the South African and the present war, and had been wounded. She was a survivor of the Titanic disaster, and just missed the Empress of Ireland on her ill-fated voyage.

WEDDING BELLS FOR AN IRISH V.C.

Central News.

Lieut. John Vincent Holland, V.C., of the Leinster Regiment, photographed with his bride, Miss Frances Grogan, after their wedding at Queenstown Cathedral. Lieut. Holland was honoured for great bravery in a bombing action which led to the capture of 50 prisoners.

WEARING DADDY'S WAR SOUVENIRS.

Air-Mechanic John Brown, of the Royal Flying Corps, has just returned to his home in Dundee after serving two years in France. He brought a number of trophies, comprising two German helmets—one belonging to a Hun officer of high rank, and very elaborate in design—a German rifle, and a bugle. Private Brown, his wife, and two of their family photographed at their home, daddy's war souvenirs being "spo ed" by the two kiddies.

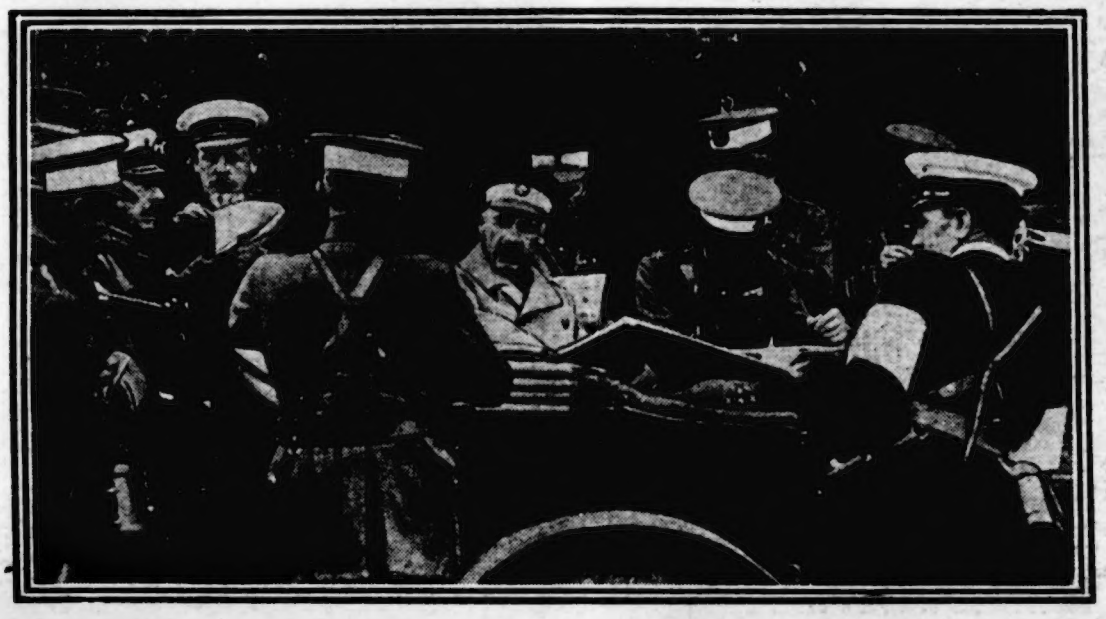
MEETING THE GREAT FRENCH GENERAL.

Miss Kathleen Burke, who is doing splendid work in New York in the interest of the Scottish War Hospital service. The photo was taken when she met General Nivelle during a visit to France. Miss Burke is said to be a direct descendant of Edmund Burke, the statesman and orator.

A SMILING FACE ALL THE TIME.

A flooded dugout in a front line trench.—Official photograph taken on the western front. The soldier does not appear to mind the water though he is knee deep in it. Indeed, he seems to be revelling in the flooded area.

WITH GENERAL RAWLINSON ON THE WESTERN FRONT.



C.N.

General Sir Henry Rawlinson, Commanding the Fourth Army. A photograph showing Sir Henry conducting operations from his car on manœuvres.

VISITING HER SON IN FRANCE.

Mrs Adair Campbell, Tullichewan Castle, Loch Lomondside, is now in the South of France with one of her sons, who has been badly wounded in action. Her youngest son was killed in the Jutland battle, and another son is serving with the colours, whilst her husband, a well-known Glasgow business gentleman, is a captain in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

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